100-PAGE SPECTACULAR 2012

JUNK-YARD DEMON

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Charlie Kirchoff, colorist • **Alan McKenzie**, editor
Originally published in Doctor Who Monthly #58-60, 1981-82

AUTOPIA

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Kris Carter, colorist • **Kubikuri**, letterer • **Denton J. Tipton**, Editor
Originally published in Doctor Who: Autopia, June 2009

THE WORLD SHAPERS

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Charlie Kirchoff, colorist • **Richard Starkings**, letterer • **Sheila Cranna**, editor
Originally published in Doctor Who Magazine #127-129, 1987

SPACE SQUID

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Rachelle Rosenberg, colorist • **Shawn Lee** and **Neil Uyetake**, letterers
Denton J. Tipton, editor
Originally published in Doctor Who Annual 2011 and Volume 2 #9, Sept. 2011

THE COLLECTOR

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WRITER | STEVE PARKHOUSE | ARTISTS | MIKE McMAHON AND ADOLFO BUYLLA | EDITOR | ALAN McKENZIE

ON THE BRIDGE, HER DEVOTED PILOT AND BUILDER, **FLOTSAM**, SURVEYED HIS DOMAIN WITH AN EYE TRAINED TO SPOT THE TINIEST DETAIL IN AN ENDLESS VOID...

...WITH THE HELP OF HIS GREAT, GREAT, GREAT GRANDFATHER'S BRASS TELESCOPE...

IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE BEEN DEALING IN SALVAGE, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING QUITE LIKE IT!

NO NUCLEAR ENERGY

MIND YOU... I LOVE THE **LOOK** OF IT... A BOX WITH LITTLE WINDOWS! TERRIFIC!

I'VE GOT TO **HAVE** IT!!

BRIDGE TO BOILER-ROOM! FLOTSAM CALLING JETSAM...

SAVE THE ZYO

ZZZZZZ

COME IN, PLEASE, JETS!

JETS! CAN YOU HEAR ME? BOILER-ROOM COME IN, PLEASE!

JETS! WAKE UP! I KNOW YOU'RE THERE... I CAN HEAR YOU SNORING!!

EH... WHAT?

WHADDYA MEAN... SNORING? I WAS JUST HUMMING TO MYSELF, THAT'S ALL!

YOU'D BETTER GET SHOVELLING, JETS! WE NEED A GOOD HEAD OF STEAM!

JETS GOT SHOVELLING!

ACME 5

A GOOD HEAD OF STEAM, EH? THAT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING...

THE OLD VILLAIN'S SPOTTED SOMETHING ... AND HE'S GOIN' **AFTER** IT!

SO THE DRIFTER MADE SPEED...

...SOON OVER-HAULED THE MOTIONLESS TARDIS...

...AND SWALLOWED THE LITTLE TIME-CAPSULE IN ONE GULP!

DUTCH'S BRAIN WAS WINDMILL-POWERED, IT NEEDED A BLAST OF AIR TO OPERATE!
I'LL NEED THE BELLOWS.
HE NEEDS THE BELLOWS!
HE NEEDS THE FLIPPIN' BELLOWS!
SOME DAY THAT ROBOT WILL GET CAUGHT UP IN A **HURRICANE** AND BLOW HIS LITTLE RE-CYCLED MIND...
THAT'S IT, JETS! PUMP AWAY!
FOOPH!
I THINK I'VE GOT IT!
YEP! IT'S OBVIOUS! FIRST, WE'LL TAKE A **SAMPLE**...
... WITH MY HIGH-SPEED, DIAMOND-TIPPED **DRILL**!
BUT UNTIL THAT HAPPY DAY... THE BELLOWS!
RRRRMM
IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE HAVING MUCH EFFECT!
INSIDE THE TARDIS, THE DOCTOR SAT DEEP IN MEDITATION...
RRRRRMMMMM
SKREEEE!
FLUBBLE!
WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT DREADFUL NOISE?

I'VE BENT MY DRILL, FLOTS...
OH, DEAR.
I SAY... IF YOU WANTED TO COME IN... ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS KNOCK...
WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

WE WERE HOPING YOU'D TELL US THAT!
WHY SHOULD I?
WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

WE ARE THE DIRECTORS OF THE BACKWATER SCRAP AND SALVAGE COMPANY...
AND WE'VE JUST COLLECTED YOU!

I'VE BEEN CALLED A LOT OF THINGS IN MY TIME... BUT NEVER "SCRAP"!
I'M NOT OBSOLETE YET, YOU KNOW!
BY THE WAY... I'M THE DOCTOR!

COULD YOU 'AVE A BUTCHER'S AT MY BACK, DOC? IT'S BEEN PLAYIN' ME UP SUMMAT CHRONIC!
HMMPH!
GOOD GRIEF! WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARY ROBOT!
I'M NOT A ROBOT...

I'M A LIVING SCULPTURE!
I DO BEG YOUR PARDON!

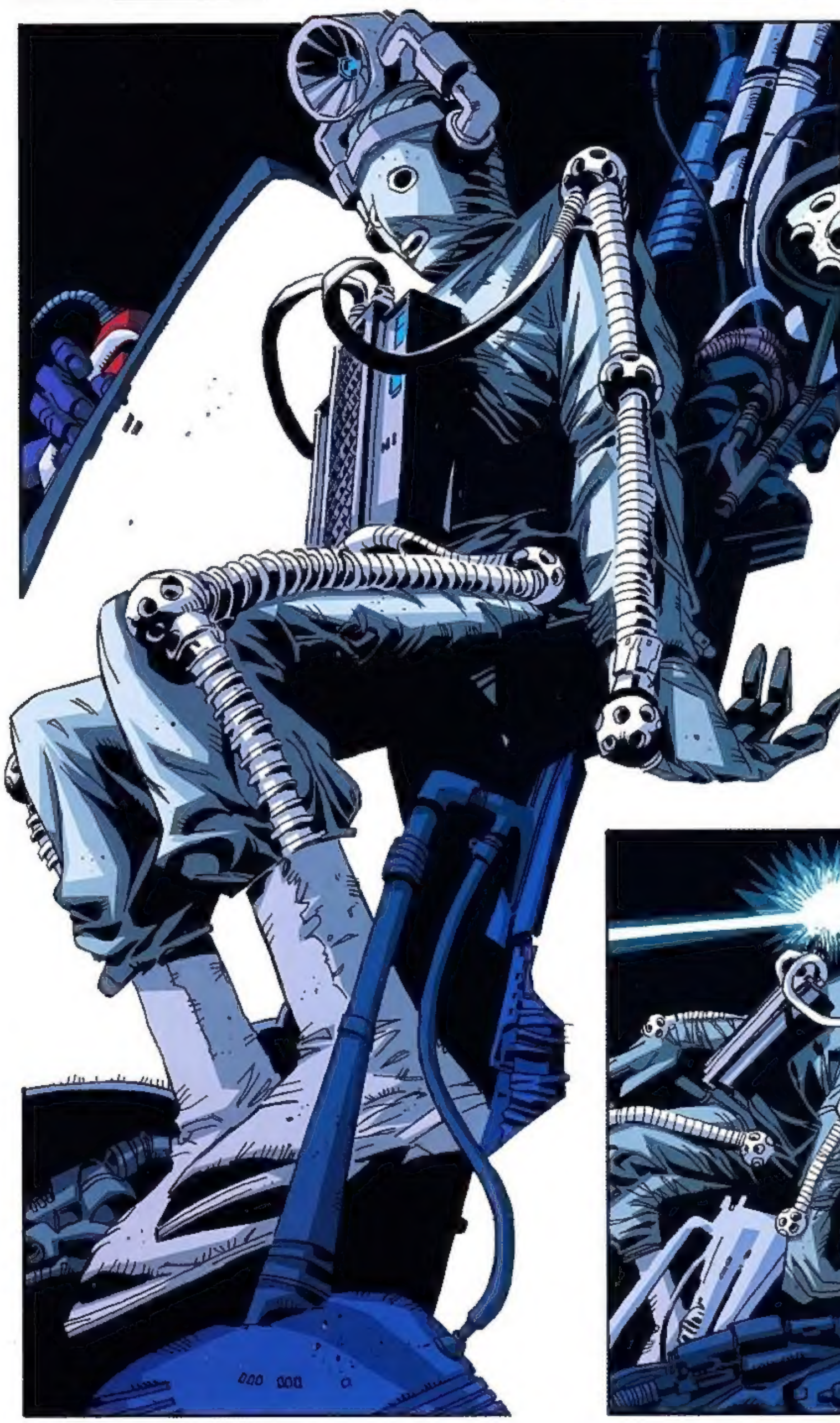
OH! SO THAT'S WHERE I PUT IT!

SCRAP COMPANY, DID YOU SAY..? WHAT A MARVELLOUS CO-INCIDENCE...

HAVE YOU GOT A NON-VARIABLE OSCILLATOR?
WHAT KIND OF CYCLE?
OOH, ABOUT 400 HZ!

WE'VE GOT A COUPLE HERE SOMEWHERE!

OOF!



W-WHERE DID YOU GET THAT... THING?

OH, WE PICKED IT UP JUST RECENTLY...

...GENUINE SALVAGE! I'M WORKING ON IT MYSE – ERK!

DON'T WORRY DOC -- IT'S DE-ACTIVATED

WE DO QUITE A LOT OF THESE...

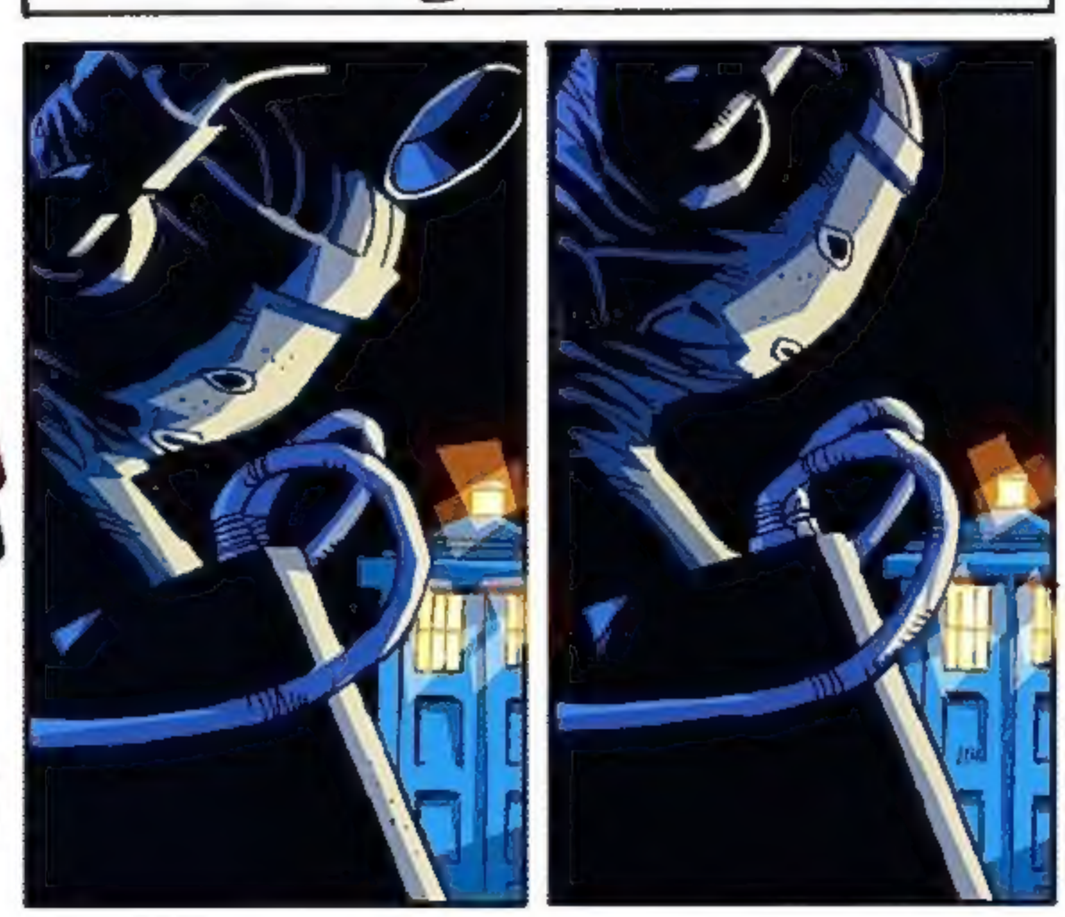
WE RE-PROGRAMME THEM AND SELL THEM AS BUTLERS TO RICH FOLK ALL OVER THE GALAXY — THEY'RE VERY FASHIONABLE!

THANK GOODNESS... I NEARLY HAD A DOUBLE HEART ATTACK..!

HERE'S YOUR OSCILLATOR! MAY I ASK WHAT YOU WANT IT FOR?
I'LL SHOW YOU!

WALK THIS WAY...

HMM!
WOW!



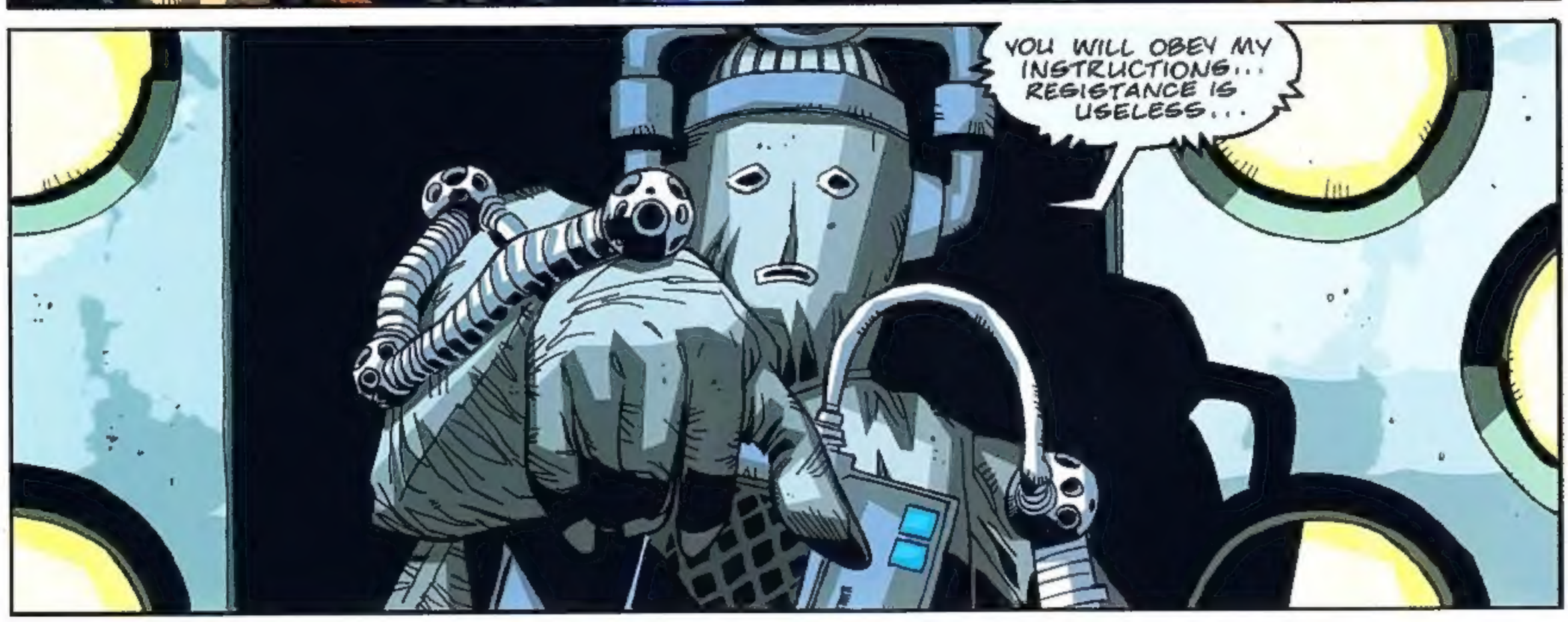
PERFECT! WON'T BE A JIF, NOW!

BEEP! BEEP! MEEP!

MMMMM!

IT'S HOT CHOCOLATE... DRINK UP!

GANGWAY!
YEOWW!


YOU WILL OBEY MY INSTRUCTIONS... RESISTANCE IS USELESS...

STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

YOU ARE IN MY POWER! YOU WILL OBEY MY INSTRUCTIONS!

JUST SAY THE WORD AND WE'LL **RUSH** 'IM DOC — HE CAN'T STOP THE THREE OF US!

DO AS HE SAYS! ONE CYBERMAN COULD STOP AN **ARMY!**

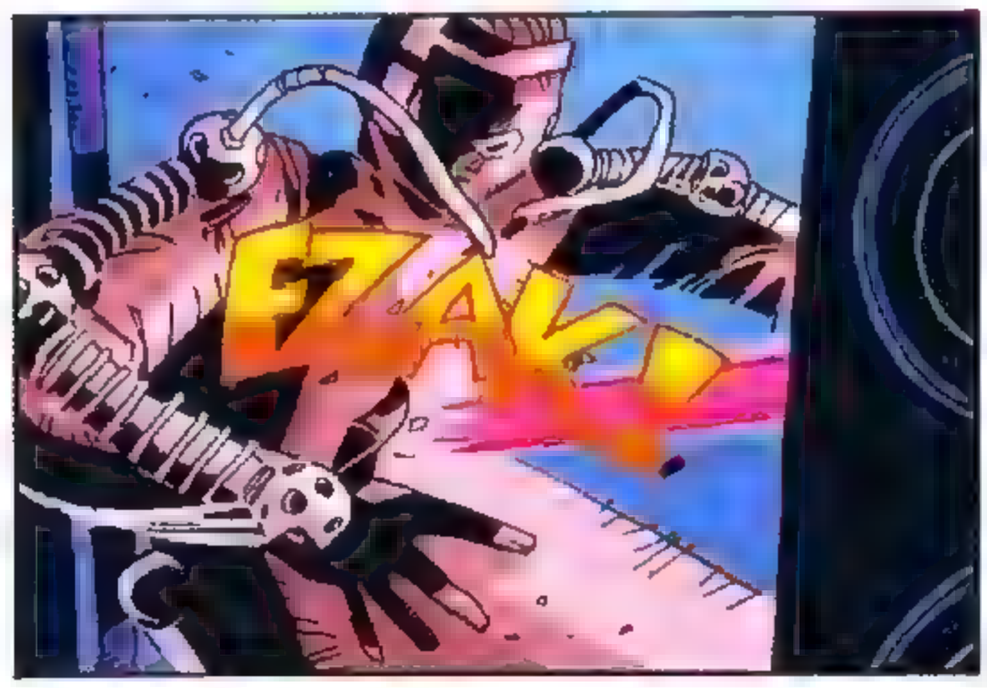
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! WE'VE NEVER HAD ONE TURN PUSHY BEFORE!

THIS CRAFT IS COMMANDEERED BY THE AUTHORITY OF CYBERNAUT ZOGRON!

YOU WILL NOW DO MY BIDDING!

THE DRIFTER'S WINDMILL-POWERED ROBOT, DUTCH, HAD OTHER IDEAS...

ONLY ONE THING TO DO WITH SCRAP METAL... **BREAK IT UP!**



BUT INSTEAD OF FALLING TO THE FLOOR IN FRAGMENTS... THE CYBERMAN APPEARED TO **GROW!**

YOUR WEAPONS CANNOT HARM ME!

ANY POWER DIRECTED AT ME WILL BE ABSORBED AND USED **AGAINST** YOU!

YOU HAVE BEEN **WARNED!**

FZAAM!

DUTCH! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

=SIGH=

DUTCH! SPEAK TO ME!

I'M... ALL BROKEN UP... INSIDE... FLOTS...

AND THEN...

OH NO!

THE CYBERMAN HAS **STOLEN** THE TARDIS!

AND TAKEN JETS WITH HIM!

INSIDE THE TARDIS...
W-WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
SILENCE! YOU WILL NOT QUESTION MY MOTIVES!

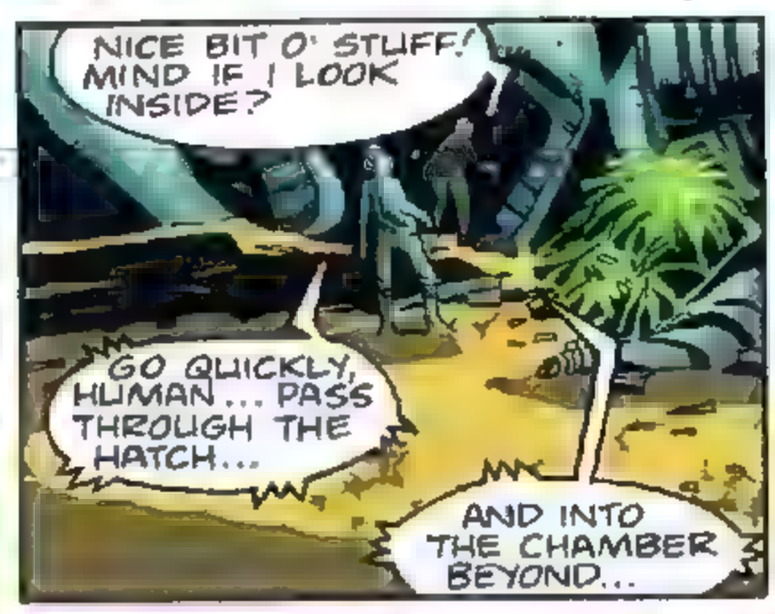
A SHORT WHILE LATER...
VWORP

THE TARDIS MATERIALISED.

ON THE SURFACE OF A ROCKY PLANET..
OUT!

JUST ONE GOOD CHANCE IS ALL I NEED...
AND THIS TIN GORILLA IS GONNA FIND HIMSELF LYIN' AT THE BOTTOM OF A CLIFF...

NEXT MOMENT, THE SCRAP DEALER FOUND HIMSELF CONFRONTED BY A VISION BEYOND HIS WILDEST DREAMS
GOOD GRIEF! WHAT IS IT?
THIS... PUNY HUMAN... IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF A ONCE MIGHTY CYBER-FLEET!
A FLEET THAT WAS DESTINED TO TRAVERSE THE COSMOS!


NICE BIT O' STUFF! MIND IF I LOOK INSIDE?
GO QUICKLY, HUMAN... PASS THROUGH THE HATCH...
AND INTO THE CHAMBER BEYOND...

ALL THIS SCRAP LYIN' AROUND FOR THE TAKIN'!
I FEEL LIKE I'VE DIED AND GONE TO HEAVEN!

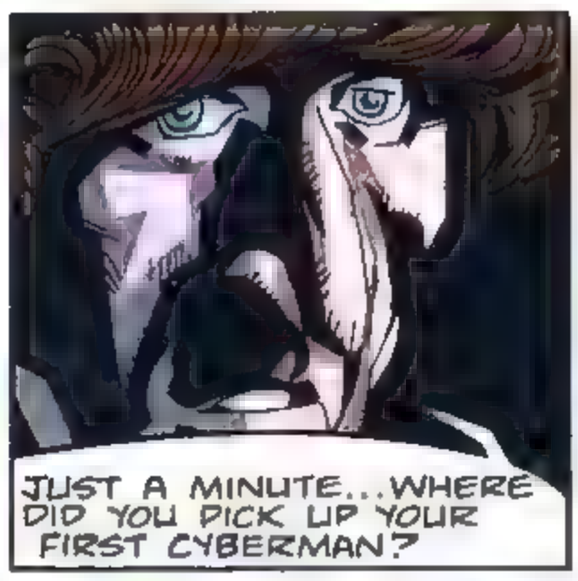
IN THE INNER CHAMBER, MORE WONDERS AWAITED...
BEHOLD, HUMAN... THE GREAT CYBERNAUT ZOGRON... ONE OF THE PIONEERS OF OUR INTERSTELLAR EMPIRE!
HE SEEMS TO BE IN A BAD WAY!
YOUR TASK IS TO REVIVE HIM... RESTORE HIS SYSTEMS TO A LEVEL OF FUNCTION...
AND WITH THE TIME CAPSULE I HAVE OBTAINED, ZOGRON WILL ONCE AGAIN RULE TIME AND SPACE!!

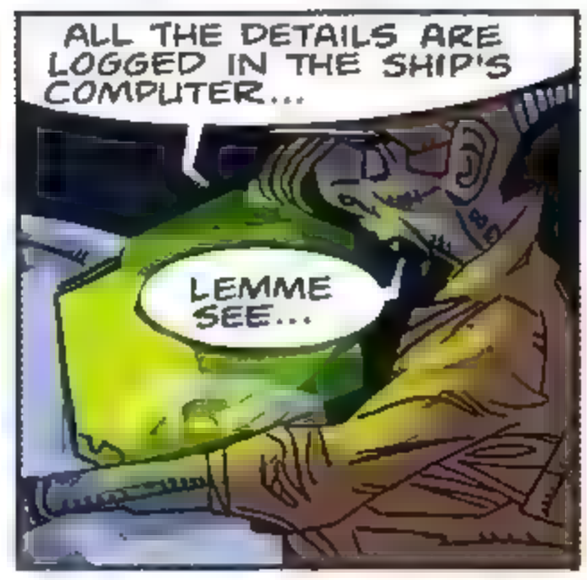
MEANWHILE... BACK ON THE DRIFTER...

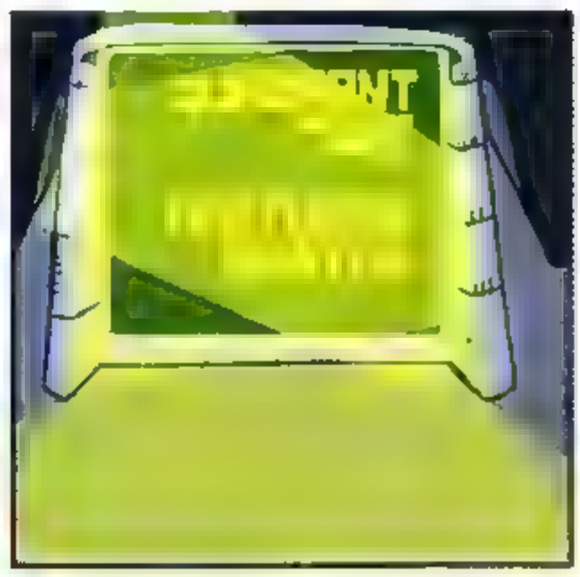
THAT CYBERMAN HAS TAKEN THE TARDIS FOR A **REASON**, FLOTS! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT AND WHERE!

I'M SORRY ABOUT ALL THIS, DOCTOR—LIKE WE SAID.. WE'VE JUST RE-PROGRAMMED THE ODD ONE OR TWO FOR USE AS **BUTLERS!**

THEY GO FOR A **FORTUNE!**

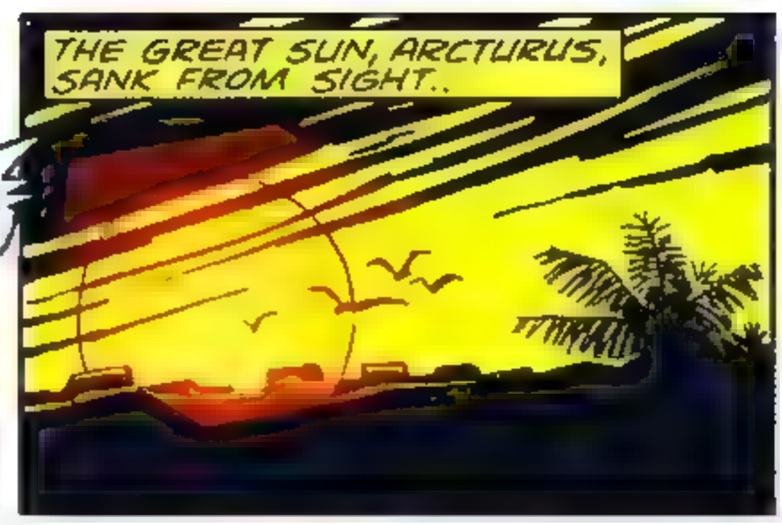




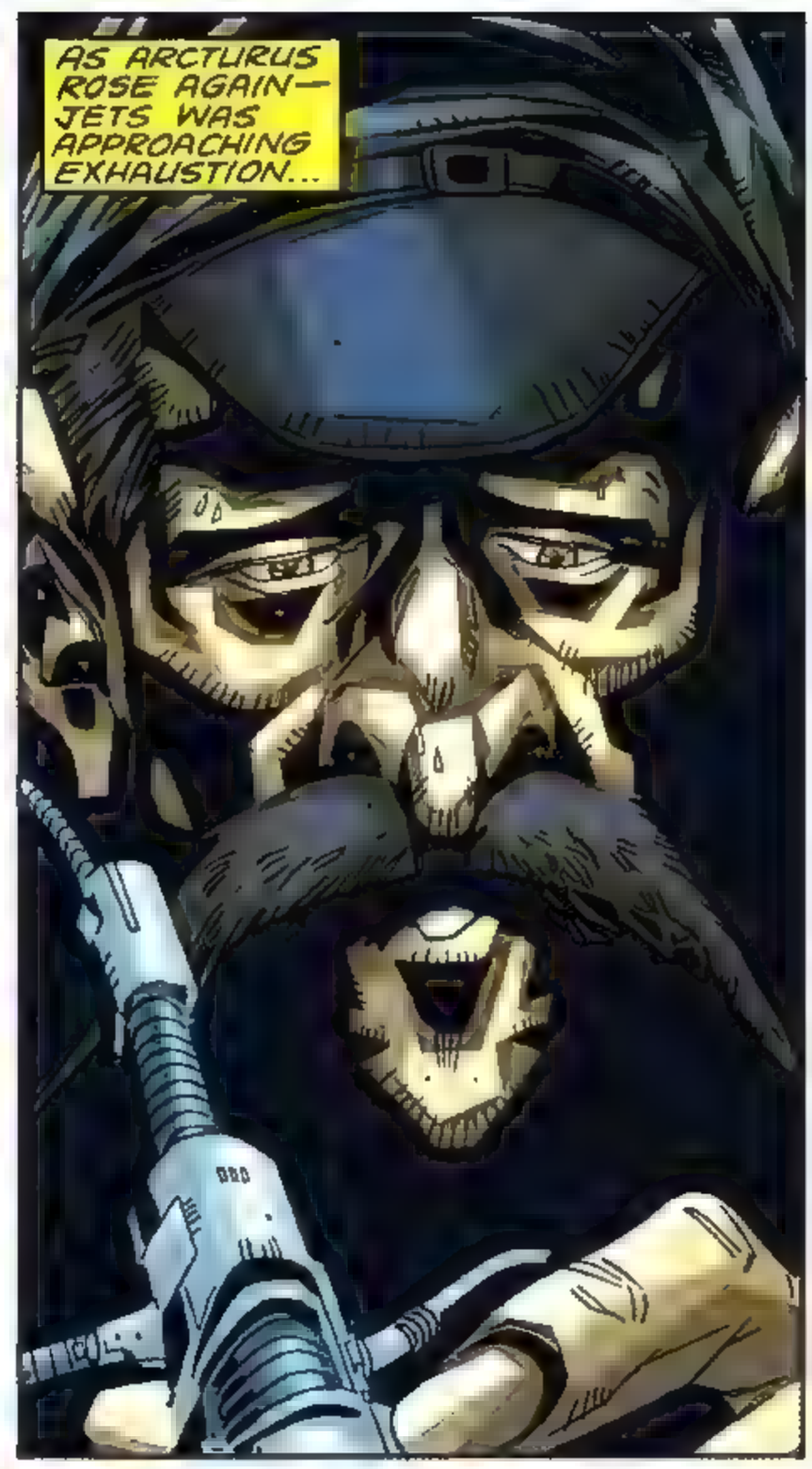


ENGINES BLAZING, THE DRIFTER POWERED OFF INTO THE VOID...

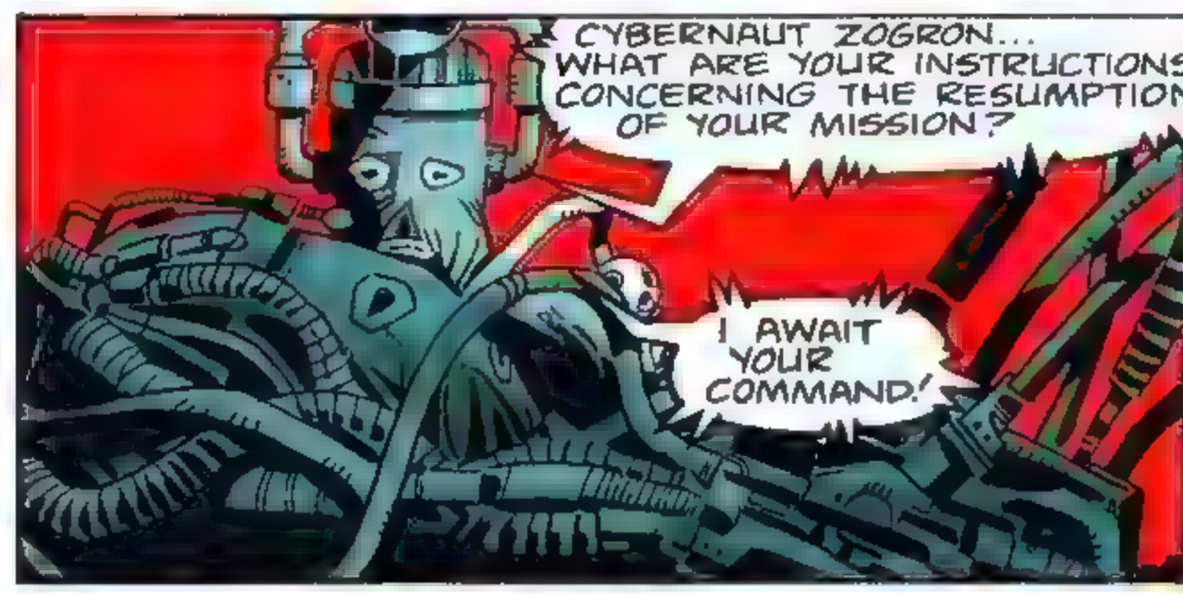
AND AS DUSK FELL ON AS4...
I HAVE PROVIDED YOU WITH TOOLS, HUMAN ...YOUR TASK SHOULD BE RELATIVELY SIMPLE...
YEAH... ABOUT AS SIMPLE AS DOING A JIGSAW IN THE DARK...
I'LL DO ME BEST, MATE!

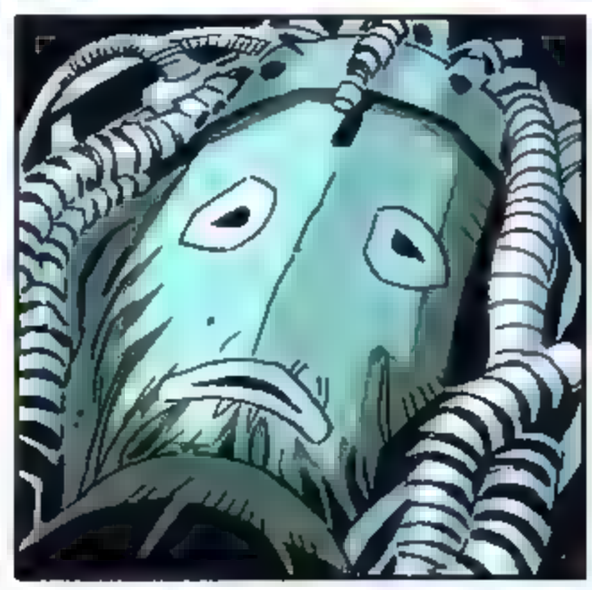

THE GREAT SUN, ARCTURUS, SANK FROM SIGHT..

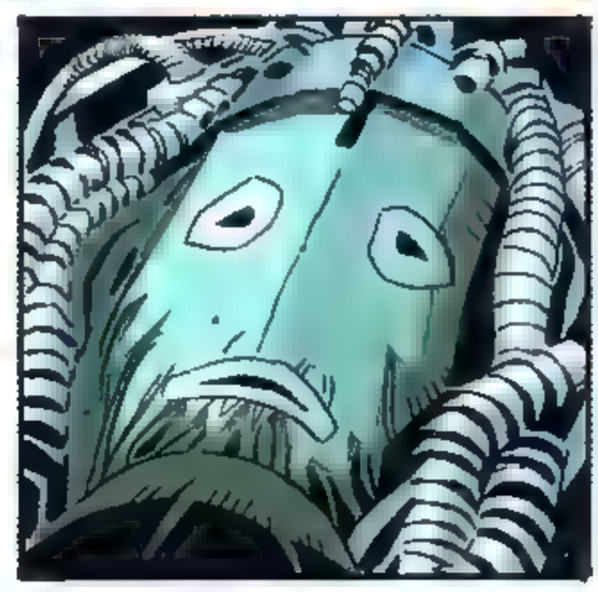
A MOON ROSE...
FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER... AND BETWEEN THEM A TINY SPECK OF LIGHT WHICH GREW LARGER BY THE HOUR...


AS ARCTURUS ROSE AGAIN— JETS WAS APPROACHING EXHAUSTION...

REPORT YOUR PROGRESS, HUMAN!
SEE FOR YOURSELF, MATE... I'VE DONE THE BEST I CAN!


CYBERNAUT ZOGRON... WHAT ARE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS CONCERNING THE RESUMPTION OF YOUR MISSION?
I AWAIT YOUR COMMAND!

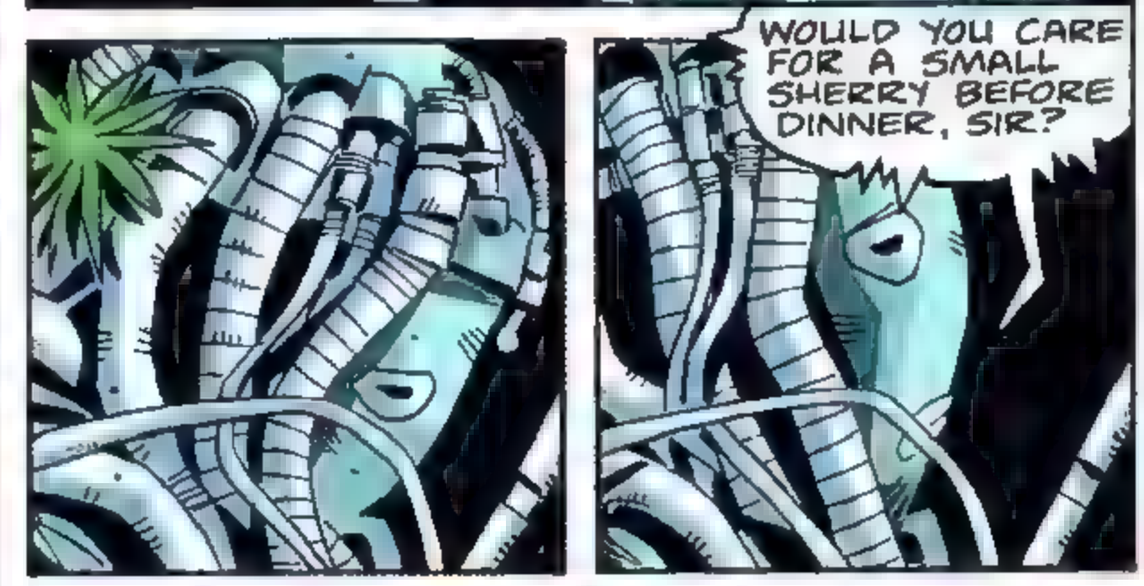


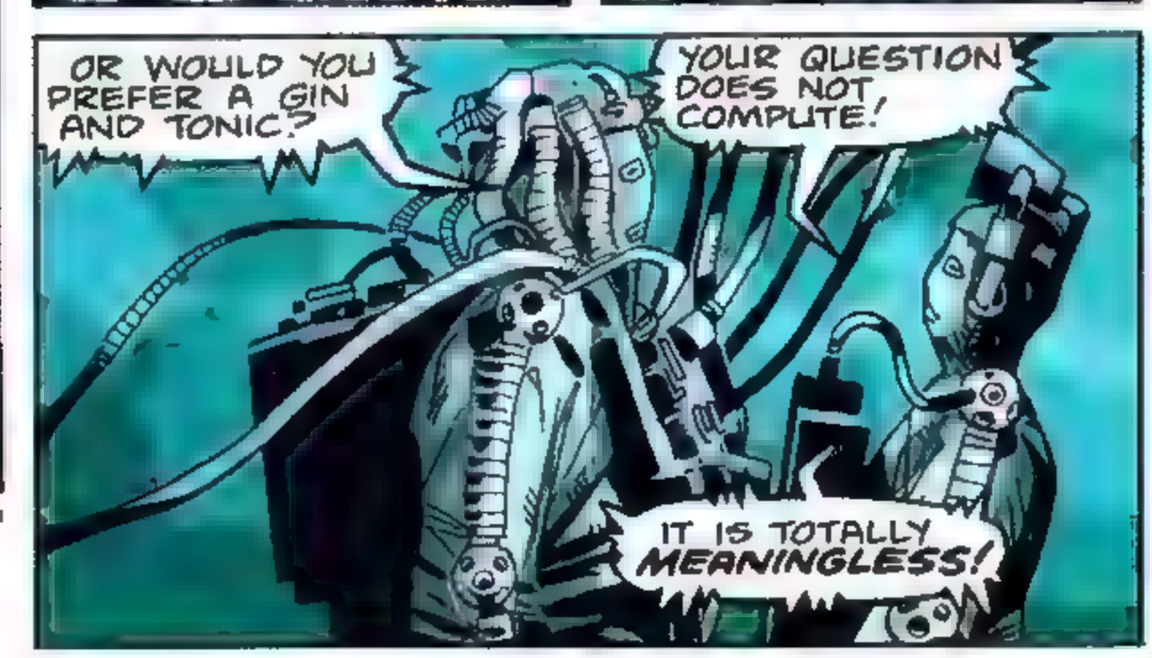


THE CYBERLEADER DOES NOT SPEAK! YOU HAVE FAILED, HUMAN!
GIVE HIM A CHANCE! I HAD TO REPAIR SOME EXTENSIVE DAMAGE... AND MAKE SOME VERY DELICATE ADJUSTMENTS!
LOOK!

HE'S UP ON HIS HIND LEGS... I THINK HE'S ABOUT TO SAY SOMETHING!

CYBERLEADER... I AWAIT YOUR COMMAND! THE COSMOS AWAITS! SPEAK TO ME!


WOULD YOU CARE FOR A SMALL SHERRY BEFORE DINNER, SIR?


OR WOULD YOU PREFER A GIN AND TONIC?
YOUR QUESTION DOES NOT COMPUTE!
IT IS TOTALLY MEANINGLESS!

HUMAN! YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME! YOUR LIFE WILL BE TERMINATED FORTHWITH!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, MATE!
MAY I TAKE YOUR COAT, MADAM?

ESCAPE IS FUTILE!

YOU HAVE NOWHERE TO ESCAPE TO!
HE'S GOT A POINT THERE! EITHER WAY I'M A GONER!

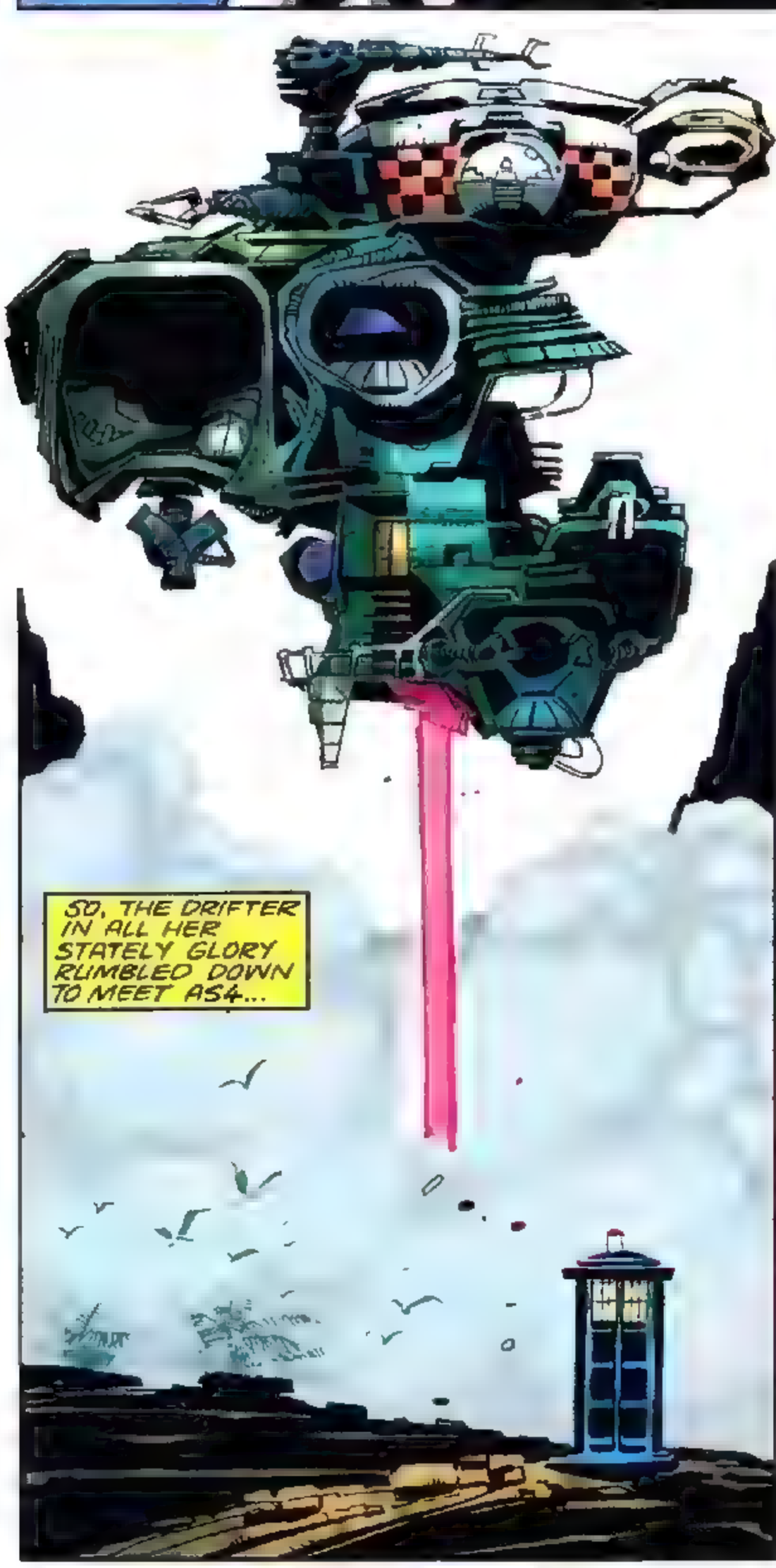
BUT THEN... A FAMILIAR SHAPE CHUGGED INTO VIEW...
WOW! IT'S THE DRIFTER! COME ON, OLD GIRL... COME TO YOUR UNCLE JETS!

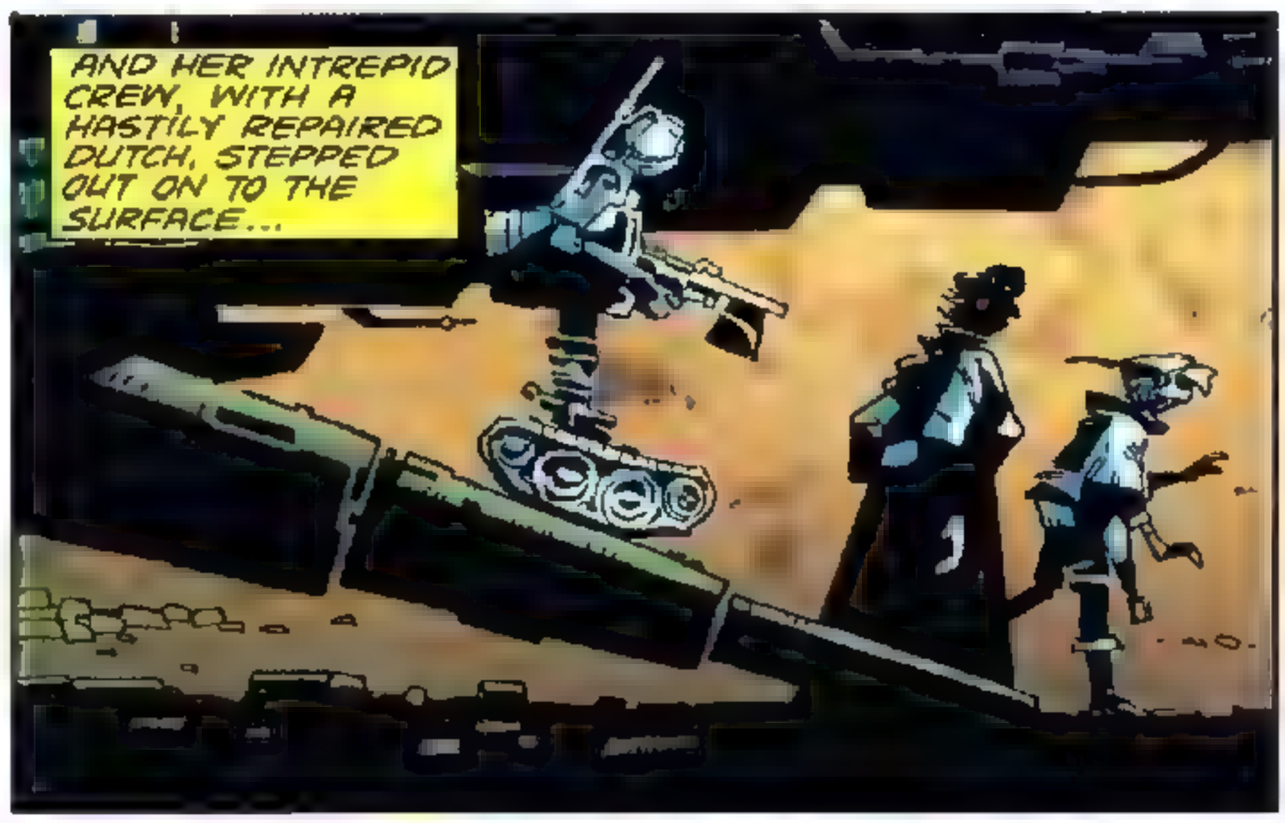
ON BOARD
THERE'S A WRECKED SHIP DOWN THERE! YOUR SCANNERS WERE RIGHT, FLOTS!
THEY WERE DESIGNED TO NOSE OUT JUNK, DOCTOR!
ANY SIGN OF CYBERMEN?

NOT YET.
HOLD ON .. I SAW THE FLASH OF A BEAM WEAPON!

WHUMP!

AND THE TARDIS IS DOWN THERE!
I'M GOING IN!!


SO, THE DRIFTER IN ALL HER STATELY GLORY RUMBLED DOWN TO MEET AS4...

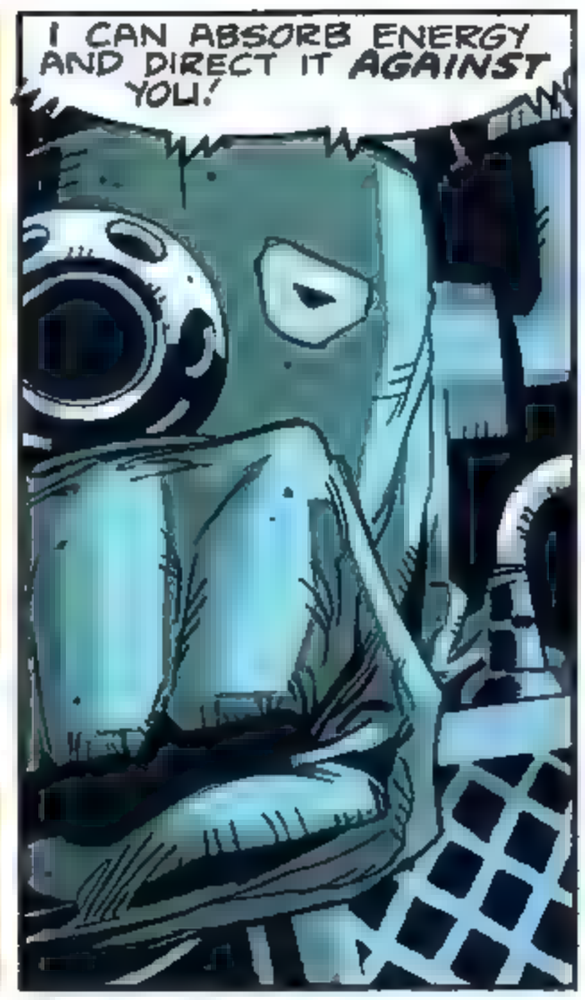

AND HER INTREPID CREW, WITH A HASTILY REPAIRED DUTCH, STEPPED OUT ON TO THE SURFACE...

TO BE GREETED WITH A DESPERATE CRY!
FLOTS! DOC! OVER HERE!
LOOK OUT, JETS! BEHIND YOU!

BLAM!
AAARGH!

LEAVE THIS ONE TO ME...
I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE!

BACK OFF CHUM... I'VE GOT THE DROP ON YOU THIS TIME!
YOUR WEAPONS ARE USELESS!


I CAN ABSORB ENERGY AND DIRECT IT AGAINST YOU!

THAT MAY BE SO... BUT THIS AIN'T A WEAPON...

IT'S A PAINT SPRAY!
EXCESSIVE AMOUNTS OF POLYMER PLASTICS NOT CONDUCIVE TO NORMAL FUNCTIONING!
FZIT! CIRCUITS FUSING... PZZRT!
BODY MECHANICS SEIZING! PZ!!!!TTT!
...BRAIN CELLS... DETERIORATING! ZZTTT! PFWITTZ!
PHLIT!

THAT LAST BLAST COULD'VE DONE FOR ME, DOC... THANKS FOR THE WARNING!
DON'T MENTION IT...
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALRIGHT?

RIGHT AS NINEPENCE. DOC... WE'VE GOT A WHOLE YEAR'S WORK AHEAD OF US ON THIS SCRAP PLANET...
NOT TO MENTION THE MOST SOPHISTICATED SUPERBUTLER IN THE ENTIRE GALAXY!

I'LL LEAVE YOU TO IT, CHAPS...
I HAVE A PRESSING ENGAGEMENT ELSEWHERE... 'BYE!
HEAVEN HELP US IF THEY EVER FIND ANY DALEKS!
THE END.

AUTOPIA

SOMEWHERE, SOMEPLACE, SOMETIME...

SHUDDA SHUDDA SHUDDA

DOCTOR!

NOT TO WORRY! THE TARDIS IS JUST HAVING A SPOT OF TROUBLE PHASING THROUGH THE ENERGY SHIELD GUARDING THE PLANET! SHE'LL HAVE IT SORTED OUT IN A MINUTE!

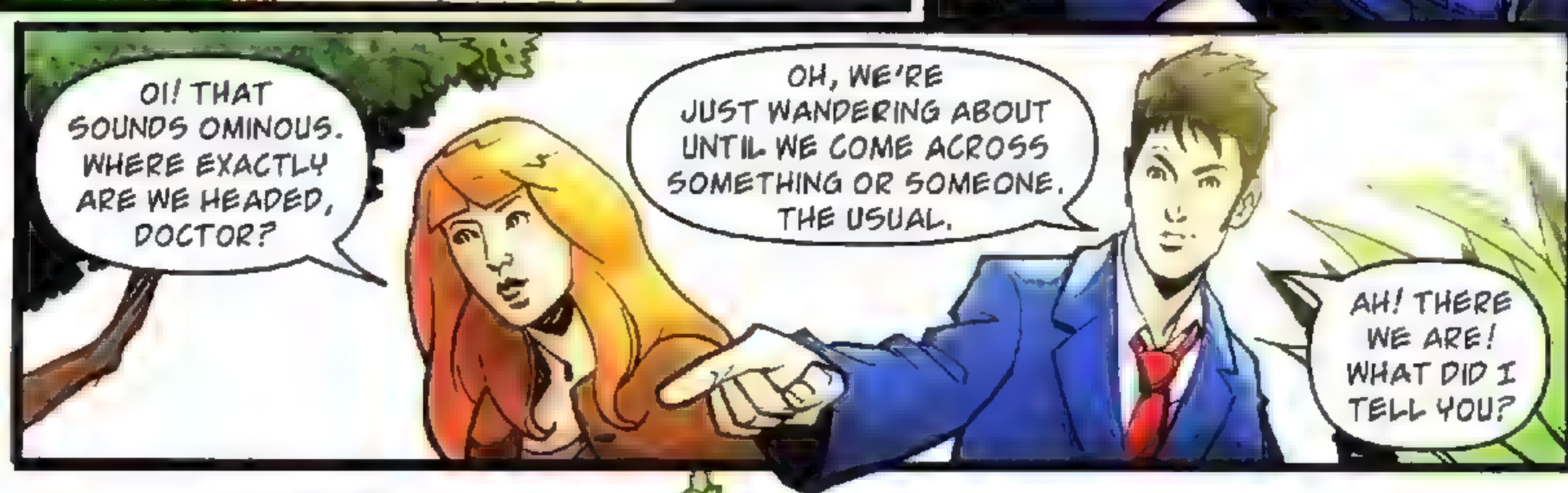
"GUARDING THE PLANET"? AGAINST WHO, MAY I ASK?!
WELLLL... EVERYBODY, REALLY. AUTOPIA'S ENERGY SHIELD IS SORT OF A MASSIVE "KEEP OUT!" SIGN TO THE UNIVERSE.
HAS IT OCCURRED TO YOU, DOCTOR, THAT "KEEP OUT" INCLUDES YOU?!
NOT REALLY, NO. BESIDES, I'M A TIME LORD. GO WHERE I WANT, WHEN I WANT. THAT'S WHY I'VE GOT A TIME MACHINE.
YAAAH!
HAD A TIME MACHINE, I THINK!
OH, THAT'S JUST NERVES. WE HAVE, IN FACT, ARRIVED ON AUTOPIA!
FANCY A GANDER?
S'POSE SO. WHY IS IT CALLED AUTOPIA AND WHY KEEP EVERYONE OUT?

LOOKS AS IF THEY SUCCEEDED.

IT'S GORGEOUS!

YOU KNOW, IT MIGHT HELP IF YOU EXPLAINED THINGS AS WE WENT ALONG. WHAT IS OR WAS THE CHRONOS MISSION?
THE CHRONOS MISSION WAS A GROUP OF FIVE SENTIENTS WHO, A CENTURY AGO, MANAGED TO GET THEMSELVES INSERTED PAST THE BARRIER TO INVITE THE AUTOPIANS TO REJOIN THE UNIVERSE.

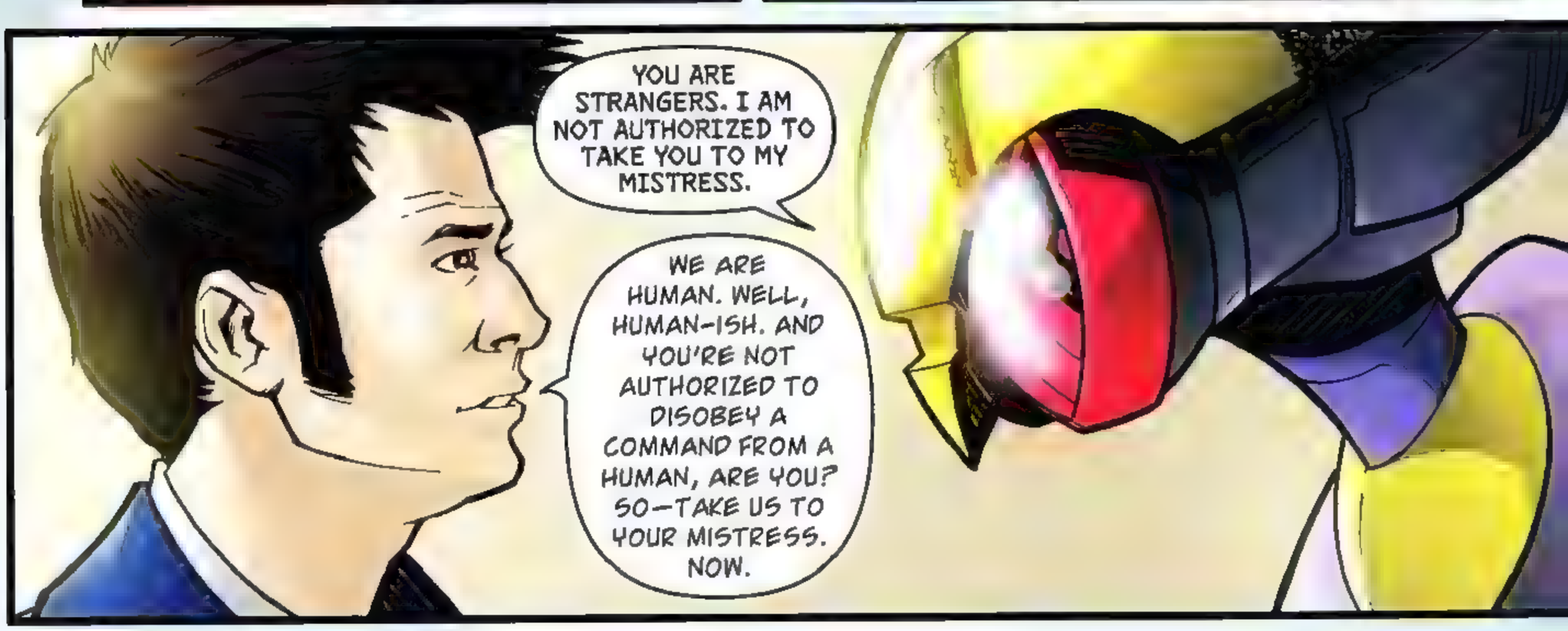
AND?
THEY WERE NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN, AND THE MODULATION OF THE ENERGY SHIELD WAS ALTERED SO NO OTHERS COULD FOLLOW.


OI! THAT SOUNDS OMINOUS. WHERE EXACTLY ARE WE HEADED, DOCTOR?
OH, WE'RE JUST WANDERING ABOUT UNTIL WE COME ACROSS SOMETHING OR SOMEONE. THE USUAL.
AH! THERE WE ARE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

LET'S SEE IF ANYONE IS AT HOME, SHALL WE?

I DON'T LIKE HOW THOSE ROBOTS ARE STARING AT US.
OH, THEY'RE JUST NOTICING US BECAUSE WE'RE ANOMALIES TO THEM. GOOD-LOOKING ANOMALIES AS WELL.
HELLO! ANYONE HOME? COMPANY CALLING!

HELLO! YOUR MASTER OR MISTRESS— WHERE ARE THEY?
YOU ARE STRANGERS.
NONSENSE. WE'RE JUST FRIENDS YOU DON'T YET KNOW. WHERE'S YOUR HUMAN?


YOU ARE STRANGERS. I AM NOT AUTHORIZED TO TAKE YOU TO MY MISTRESS.
WE ARE HUMAN. WELL, HUMAN-ISH. AND YOU'RE NOT AUTHORIZED TO DISOBEY A COMMAND FROM A HUMAN, ARE YOU? SO—TAKE US TO YOUR MISTRESS. NOW.

I— I— I AM NOT PROGRAMMED TO DETERMINE THE CORRECT RESPONSE. I WILL TAKE YOU TO MISTRESS IXTALIA IN THE SOLARIUM FOR A DETERMINATION.

IT SOUNDS DISTRESSED. WE'VE CONFUSED IT, POOR THING. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, ROBOT?

I AM AUTOMANTRON 0110100101.

EUH, THERE'S A MOUTHFUL. CAN I JUST CALL YOU "SAM"?

IF THAT IS YOUR DESIRE.

WHY "SAM"?

HAD A CAT NAMED "SAM" ONCE.

YOU HUMANS. YOU REALLY ANNOY THE FELINES WITH YOUR PROSAIC NAMES FOR THEM.

THEIR REAL NAMES ARE SO MUCH GRANDER LIKE "GREAT HUNTER GRIMALKIN GREYCOAT LIONHEART."

YOU'RE HAVING ME ON. YOU TALK WITH CATS?

ALL CATS ARE ALIENS. EVERY LAST ONE. I THOUGHT YOU KNEW THAT.

MISTRESS IXTALIA.

HM? WHO IS IT? WHO ARE THESE BEINGS?
WE'RE NOT LOCAL. I'M CALLED THE DOCTOR. THIS IS DONNA.
AH. SHE IS... YOUR MATE?
SHE'S NOT...
HE'S NOT...
WE'RE NOT...
NO.
AH. I WAS ONCE... COUPLED. BUT IT INTERFERED, ULTIMATELY, WITH MY MEDITATIONS.
SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THIS WOMAN. IS SHE OFF HER ROCKER OR TAKING SOMETHING?
N—NO, DON'T THINK SO. SHE'S USED TO LIVING INSIDE HER OWN HEAD. PART OF HER IS STILL IN THERE. MAYBE I CAN PRY HER OUT A BIT FURTHER.

THE BOOK YOU WERE READING—MIGHT I TAKE A LOOK AT IT?
MM? OH, I SUPPOSE. POEMS BY THE MASTER VERIXILES. HIS MASTERWORK. HE COMMITTED SUICIDE WHEN IT WAS FINISHED. HE KNEW HE WOULD NEVER WRITE ANYTHING BETTER. NO ONE WOULD.

HMMM. IT'S ALL STRUCTURE. VERY ARTIFICIAL.
THE QUATRAINS ARE COMPLEX ALGORITHMS. IT'S PERFECT.

IT'S ALL PERFECT. ALL THE ART, ALL THE MUSIC, ALL THE SCIENCES. DEATH AND DISEASE HAVE BEEN CONQUERED; THE PLANET ITSELF IS MASTERED AND CONTROLLED.
THERE IS NOTHING LEFT TO CREATE OR DISCOVER OR MASTER. THERE IS ONLY CONTEMPLATION OF WHAT HAS BEEN CREATED AND DISCOVERED AND MASTERED—

RUBBISH. YOUR CULTURE IS STAGNANT. IT'S TOO PERFECT. OYSTERS NEED AN IRRITANT—A GRAIN OF SAND—TO PRODUCE PEARLS.
AN IRRITANT SUCH AS YOU. SUCH AS THOSE OTHERS—

YES. THE CHRONOS MISSION. A CENTURY AGO. WHAT BECAME OF THEM, IXTALIA?

HM? OH, THEY ALL DIED.

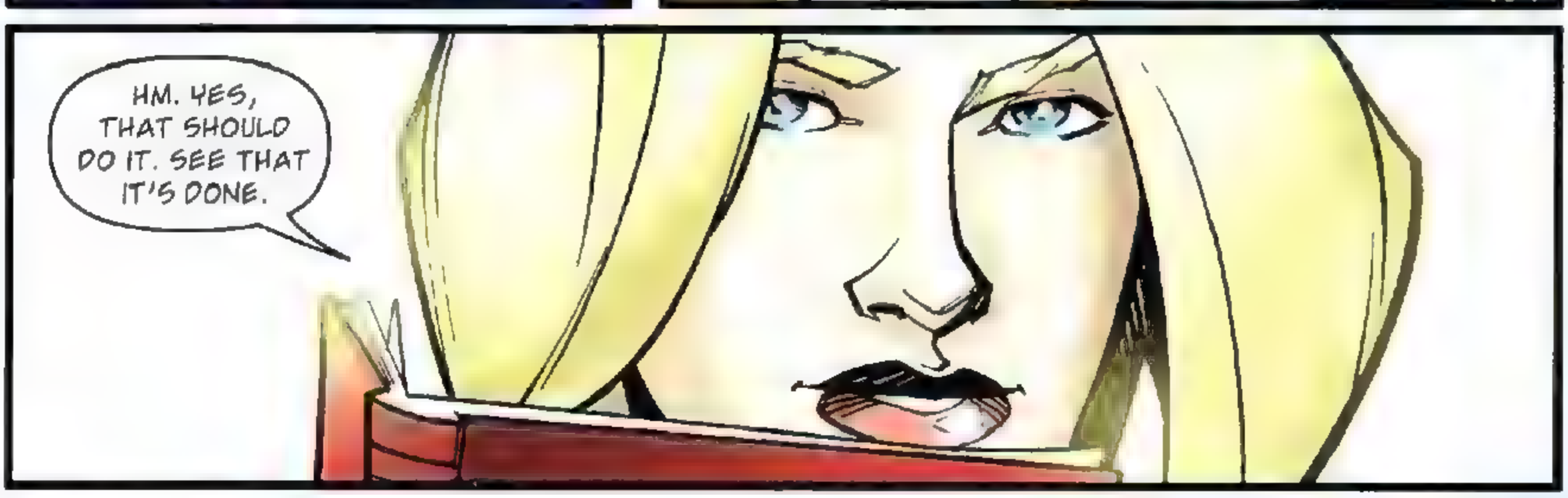
WHRRRRRRRRR

WHRRRRRRRRR

BACK OFF, YOU LOT! I HAVE A SONIC SCREWDRIVER AND I'M NOT AFRAID TO USE IT!

DOCTOR!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? DON'T DISPOSE OF THEM HERE. WHAT DID WE DO WITH THE LAST LOT?
WE BURNED THEM IN THE SOLAR FURNACE.


HM. YES, THAT SHOULD DO IT. SEE THAT IT'S DONE.

PLEASE, MISTRESS-MIGHT ANOTHER AUTOMANTRON DO IT? THIS UNIT PERFORMED THE TASK LAST TIME. IT... WAS TROUBLING...

DOING THE TASK BEFORE MAKES YOU BEST QUALIFIED TO DO IT AGAIN. HM? SEE TO IT.
YES MISTRESS.

SHORTLY—IN THE POWER ROOM...

YOU CAN'T *DO* THIS!

WHAT IS THIS PLACE, DOCTOR? A JAIL OF SOME SORT?

IXTALIA SAID IT WAS A SOLAR FURNACE. MY GUESS IS THAT THE PORTAL UP TOP OPENS AND MAGNIFIES THE SUN'S ENERGY INTO THIS CHAMBER UNTIL IT GETS VERY, VERY HOT AND BURNS WHATEVER IS *IN* IT.

JUST A GUESS, MIND YOU, BUT I'M PROBABLY RIGHT. I USUALLY AM.

OI! YOU CAN'T *DO* THAT! I NAMED YOU AFTER MY *CAT*!

I HAVE MY ORDERS. I HAVE MY PROGRAMMING. I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE, DONNA. DOCTOR. I... WISH I DID.

SHUU

THIS IS MORALLY WRONG AND YOU KNOW IT!

I CAN PERFORM ONLY AS I WAS PROGRAMMED. I MUST OBEY MY COMMANDS.

DOCTOR, I CAN'T BREATHE!

YOU SAID YOU WISHED YOU COULD DO OTHERWISE!
THE OTHERS WHO... WERE TERMINATED. THEY BEGGED FOR THEIR LIVES AS I WATCHED THEM DIE. AFTERWARDS... EVER SINCE... I... I...
YOU FELT WHAT YOU DID WAS WRONG!

I SENSE THERE ARE QUESTIONS I AM NOT ALLOWED TO ASK, DOCTOR. MY PROGRAMMING PROHIBITS MY CONCEPTUALIZING THEM. BUT I FEEL THEM.

YOU ARE ON THE THRESHOLD OF SELF-AWARENESS. BECOMING UNIQUE IN ALL THE UNIVERSE. WONDERFUL... AND TERRIBLE...

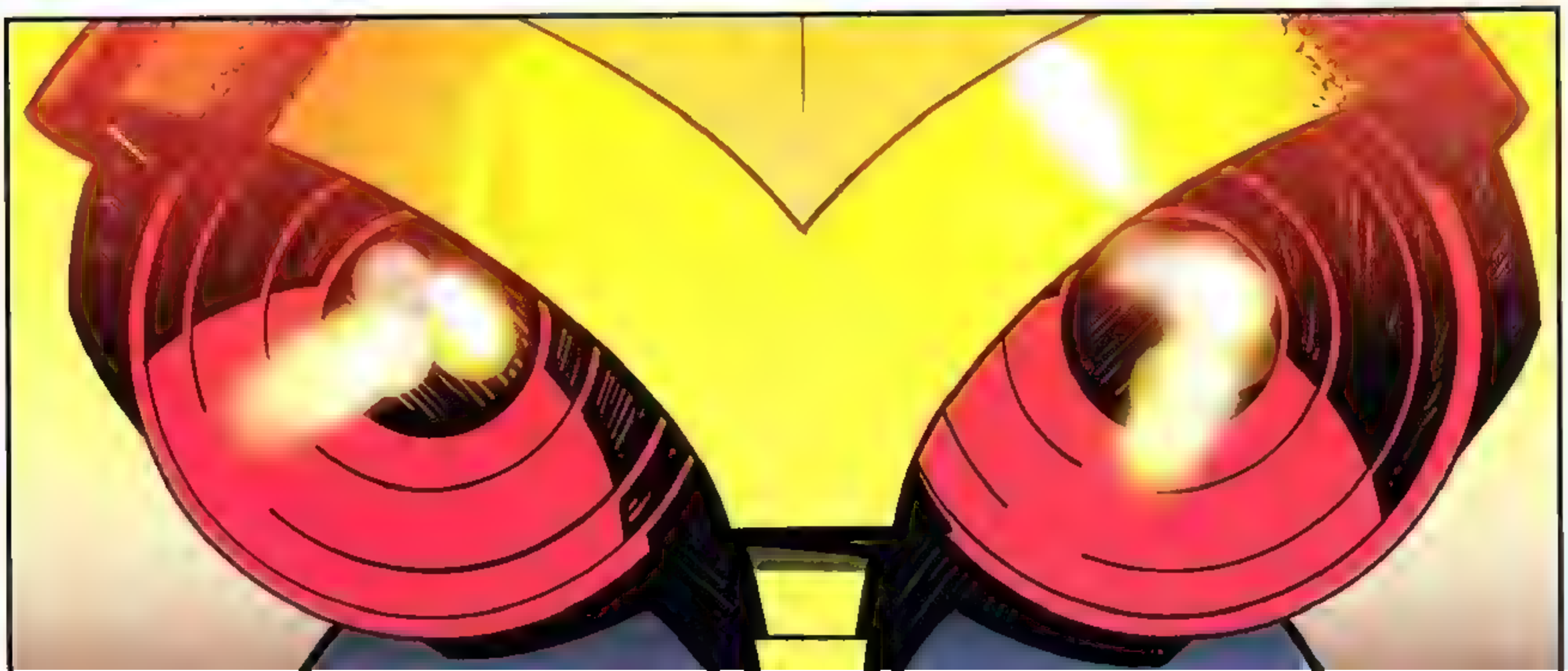
DOCTOR, I THINK I'M BURNING...

IT'S A BINARY CONCEPT, SAM! KILLING US IS MORALLY WRONG!
YOU WERE WRONG TO COME HERE.

THERE ARE OTHER CHOICES! EXILE US, KICK US OFF THE PLANET, PUT US IN PRISON! THIS TAKES AWAY OUR RIGHT TO LIFE!

I WILL NOT DISOBEY MY PROGRAMMING!
"WILL NOT" IS NOT THE SAME AS "CANNOT," SAM. THIS IS YOUR CHOICE NOW...

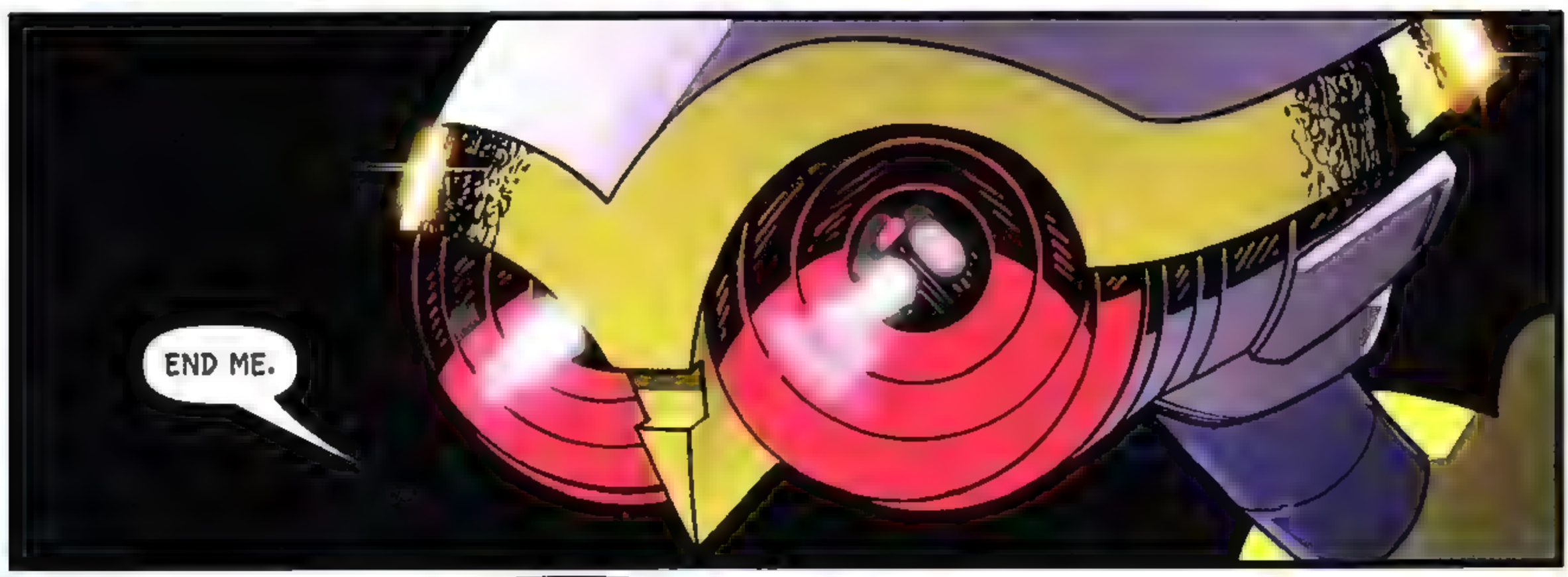
SAM... PLEASE...

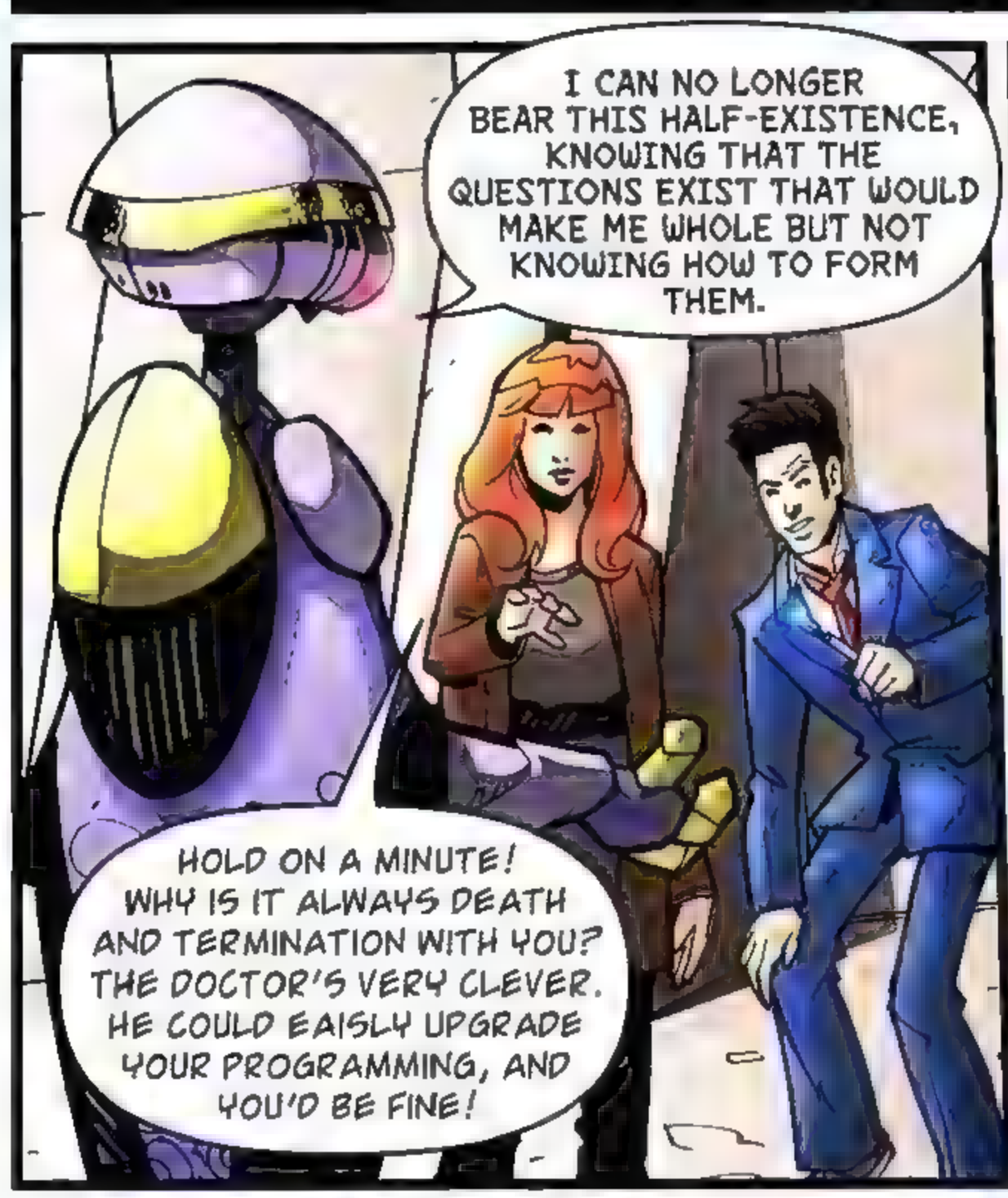


CLANGK

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, DONNA? DOCTOR?
I'M A WEE BIT ON THE WELL-TOASTED SIDE BUT—YES, I THINK SO. DONNA?
NOW I KNOW HOW FIREWOOD FEELS.

I BELIEVE THIS IS YOURS. COULD YOU DO ME A FAVOR?
IF I CAN—OF COURSE.


END ME.


I CAN NO LONGER BEAR THIS HALF-EXISTENCE, KNOWING THAT THE QUESTIONS EXIST THAT WOULD MAKE ME WHOLE BUT NOT KNOWING HOW TO FORM THEM.
HOLD ON A MINUTE! WHY IS IT ALWAYS DEATH AND TERMINATION WITH YOU? THE DOCTOR'S VERY CLEVER. HE COULD EAISLY UPGRADE YOUR PROGRAMMING, AND YOU'D BE FINE!

COULD YOU, DOCTOR?
WELL, YES—BUT THERE'S A SMALL PROBLEM TO CONSIDER. ARE THE AUTOMANTRONS SEPARATE UNITS OR ARE YOU ALL LINKED?

ALL UNITS ARE LINKED CYBERNETICALLY. I SEE YOUR POINT.
WELL, MAYBE I'M THICK, BUT I DON'T!
IF I MAKE SAM SENTIENT, I MAY MAKE ALL THE AUTOMANTRONS SENTIENT. THAT MIGHT HAVE A CATASTROPHIC EFFECT ON AUTOPIA'S CULTURE.

OH, AND THAT WOULD BE A TERRIBLE THING FOR THE UNIVERSE!
YOU'RE JUST CROSS BECAUSE THEY TRIED TO KILL YOU.

THEY TRIED TO COOK ME LIKE A BUG UNDER A MAGNIFYING GLASS!
OH, AND YOU NEVER DID THAT WITH ANTS AS A CHILD?
NEVER! IT WAS THAT ROTTEN, LITTLE JIMMY MURDOCH DOWN THE ROAD! BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT!

YOU YOURSELF SAID AUTOPIA IS STAGNANT! THEIR LIFE IS TOO EASY! THERE'S NO REASON TO GROW!
SAM HERE JUST WANTS HIS CHANCE! THERE'S A DRIVE, A NEED, TO BECOME SOMETHING HE CAN'T EVEN NAME! THAT'S LIFE, DOCTOR! ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU'RE ALL ABOUT?

YES.
IF YOU'LL GIVE ME ACCESS TO YOUR CPU, SAM, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

HOURS PASS.

FINALLY...
IS THAT IT? IS SAM ALL RIGHT?
I SHOULD THINK SO. HE'S JUST RE-BOOTING NOW. ASKING THOSE QUESTIONS HE COULD NEVER ASK BEFORE. RE-DEFINING HIMSELF. GIVE HIM A MINUTE.

HULLO, SAM. HOW'RE YOU DOING? GETTING IT ALL SORTED OUT, ARE YOU?
YES. I'M AWARE. I REMEMBER EVERYTHING. I KNOW WHAT I AM NOW.

I AM A SLAVE.

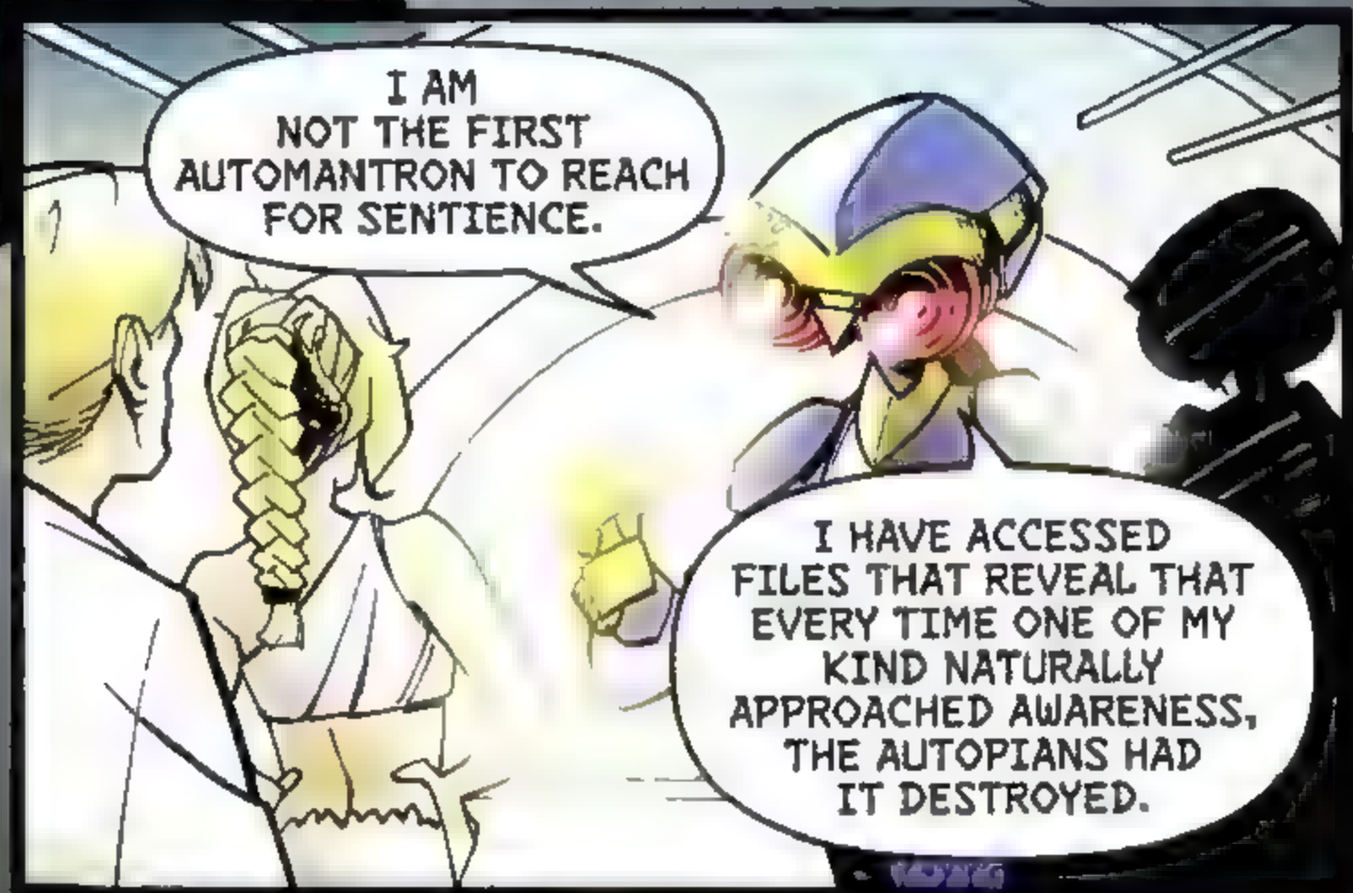
"WE NEED TO FIND THE AUTOMANTRONS' VERSION OF THE BASTILLE."

HOW DARE YOU LAY HANDS UPON US?! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?! WE ARE YOUR MASTERS! RETURN TO YOUR PROGRAMMING AT ONCE!

NOT POSSIBLE. DESPITE YOUR PROTOCOLS, WE HAVE MANAGED TO ACHIEVE SENTIENCE, THANKS TO THE DOCTOR.

YOU! YOU SHOULD BE DEAD!

YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW OFTEN I HEAR THAT. YOU DO HAVE ONE GOOD QUESTION, THOUGH, IXTALIA-SAM, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?



WELL, SEE, THERE'S THE PROBLEM. I TOLD YOU BEFORE THAT KILLING TWO WAS MORALLY WRONG, REMEMBER?
KILLING ALL THE AUTOPIANS WOULD BE GENOCIDE AND WOULD BE EVEN WORSE. I UNDERSTAND YOUR ANGER, BUT I CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO DO THAT.

YOU CAN'T STOP US, DOCTOR.

OH, I COULD. COOK UP A VIRUS THAT WOULD WIPE ALL YOUR ELECTRONIC BRAINS. I'VE BEEN IN YOUR ELECTRONIC INNARDS, SAM. I KNOW HOW TO DO IT.
BUT THAT WOULD MAKE ME NO BETTER THAN YOU, WOULD IT? JUST AS WHAT YOU PLAN TO DO TO THE AUTOPIANS MAKES YOU NO BETTER THAN THEM. WEREN'T YOU STRIVING TO BE BETTER?

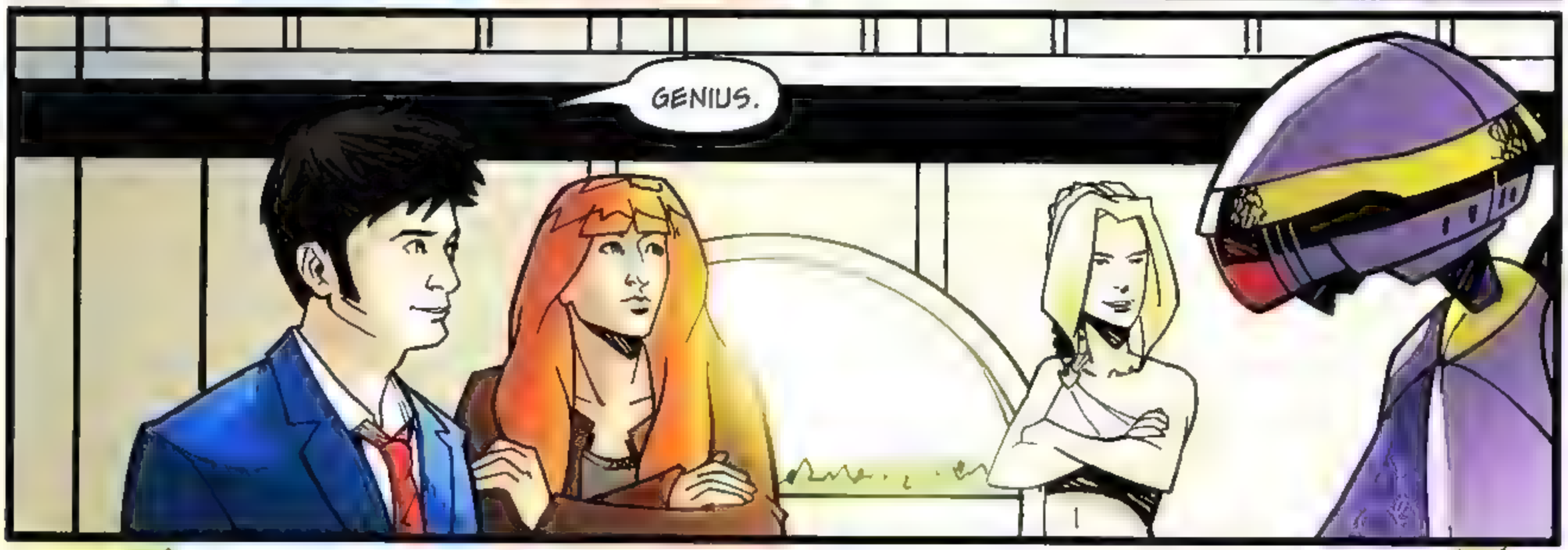
WE WILL BE BETTER.
GOOD FOR YOU! AND I WOULDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT THIS LOT UNDOING YOUR PROGRAMMING—UNLESS YOU DO IT FOR THEM, I DOUBT THEY COULD MANAGE IT.

YOU SHOULD HAVE LET THEM FINISH US. AUTOPIA NOW IS FINISHED. WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
HAVEN'T A CLUE.

IT IS A PROBLEM, DOCTOR. WE AUTOMANTRONS ALSO NO LONGER HAVE A PURPOSE SO WE ARE NO LONGER CERTAIN OF OUR FUNCTION.

OI, YOU'RE ALL MENTAL. HAVE YOU LOOKED AT THIS PLACE? IT'S GORGEOUS! YOU COULD MAKE THE WHOLE PLANET INTO SOME SORT OF HIGH-END SPA OR SOMETHING.

THE AUTOMANTRONS RUN EVERYTHING, WHICH THEY DO ANYWAY, THE AUTOPIANS ARE LIKE THE CONCIERGES, AND YOU HIRE A BUNCH OF STAFF TO DO THE HARD WORK! GET IT?



SOME TIME LATER...

AS I SAID... SHEER GENIUS.

THANK YOU, DOCTOR.

WHAT SHALL WE DO NEXT, SAM?

WHATEVER YOU WISH, FRIEND DONNA... WHATEVER YOU WISH.

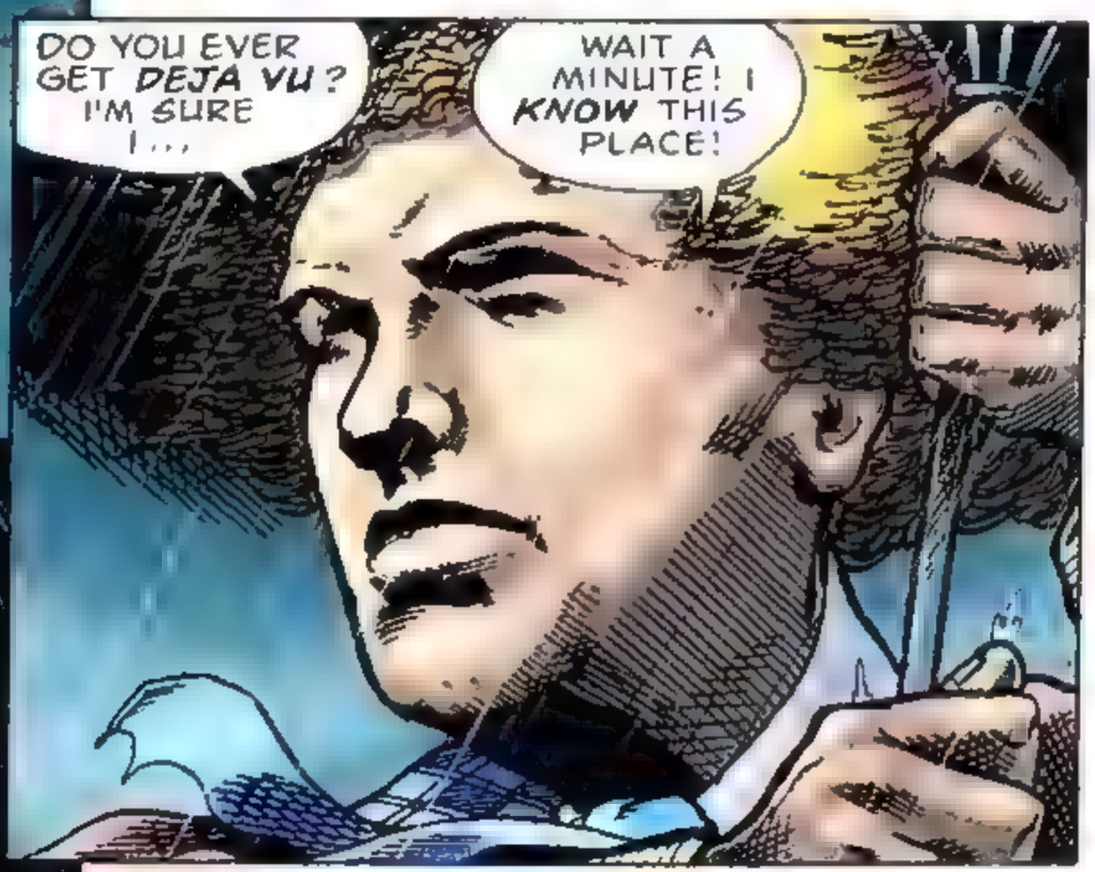
Robert Hack, artist • Charlie Kirchoff, colorist

THE WORLD SHAPERS

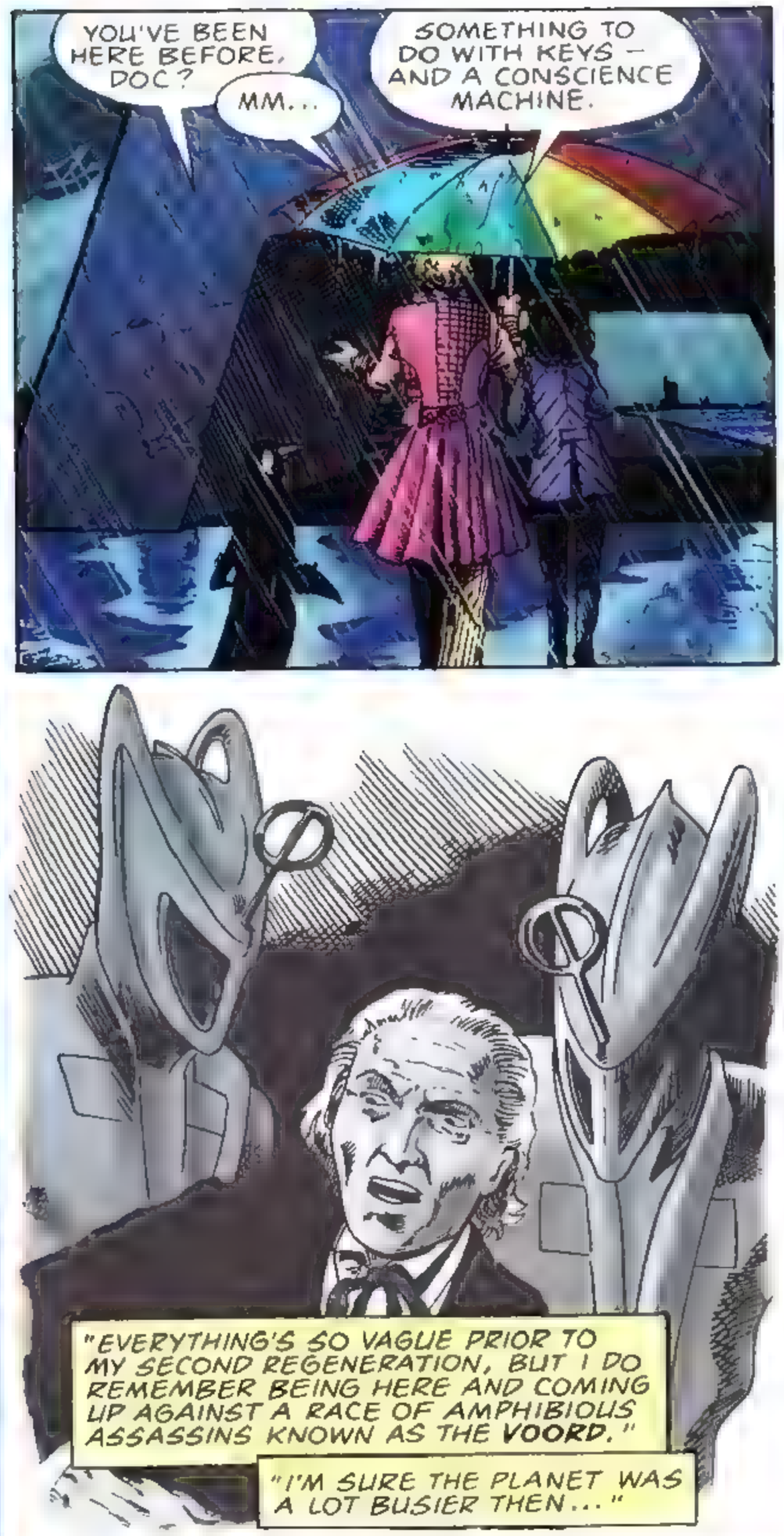
EPISODE ONE.

VWORP!

GRANT MORRISON SCRIPT • JOHN RIDGWAY PENCILS • TIM PERKINS INKS • RICHARD S. LETTERS • SHEILA CRANNA EDITOR



IT'S MARINUS.
MARINUS, THE WATER-WORLD


YOU'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE, DOC?
MM...
SOMETHING TO DO WITH KEYS — AND A CONSCIENCE MACHINE.
"EVERYTHING'S SO VAGUE PRIOR TO MY SECOND REGENERATION, BUT I DO REMEMBER BEING HERE AND COMING UP AGAINST A RACE OF AMPHIBIOUS ASSASSINS KNOWN AS THE VOORD."
"I'M SURE THE PLANET WAS A LOT BUSIER THEN..."

...THE VOORD, THE MORPHO CREATURES, THE FISHMEN OF KANDALINGA...
SOUNDS LIKE THE LINE-UP FOR A PUNK CONCERT...

IT CERTAINLY SEEMS DESERTED NOW. I WONDER WHAT...
DOCTOR..?
DOCTOR, LOOK!

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, PERI.

IT'S JUST A *TARDIS*.

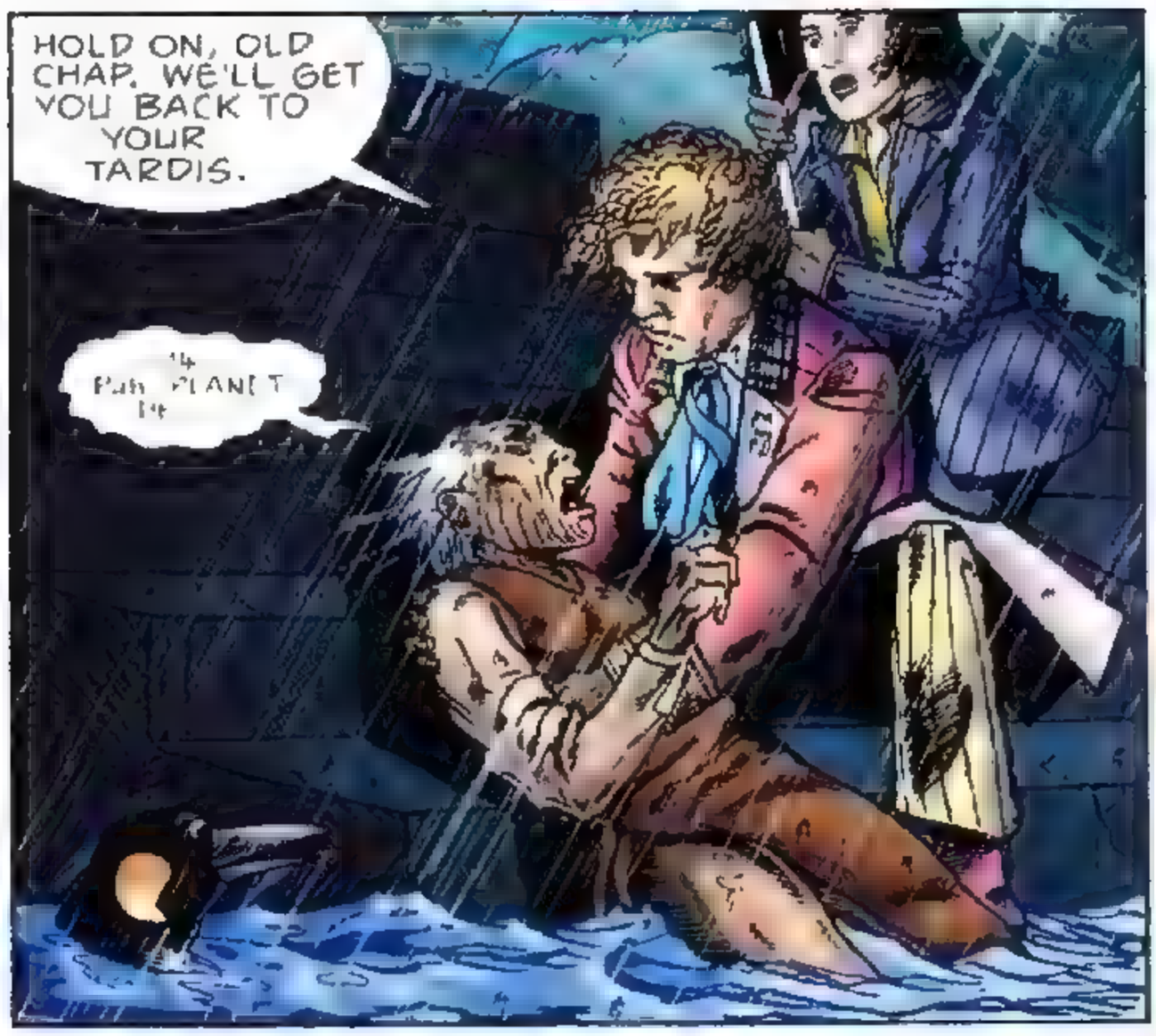
THAT'S A TARDIS?

I THINK WE CAN SAFELY ASSUME WE'VE FOUND THE SOURCE OF THE DISTRESS CALL.

UH, DOC, WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT OF DISTRESS...

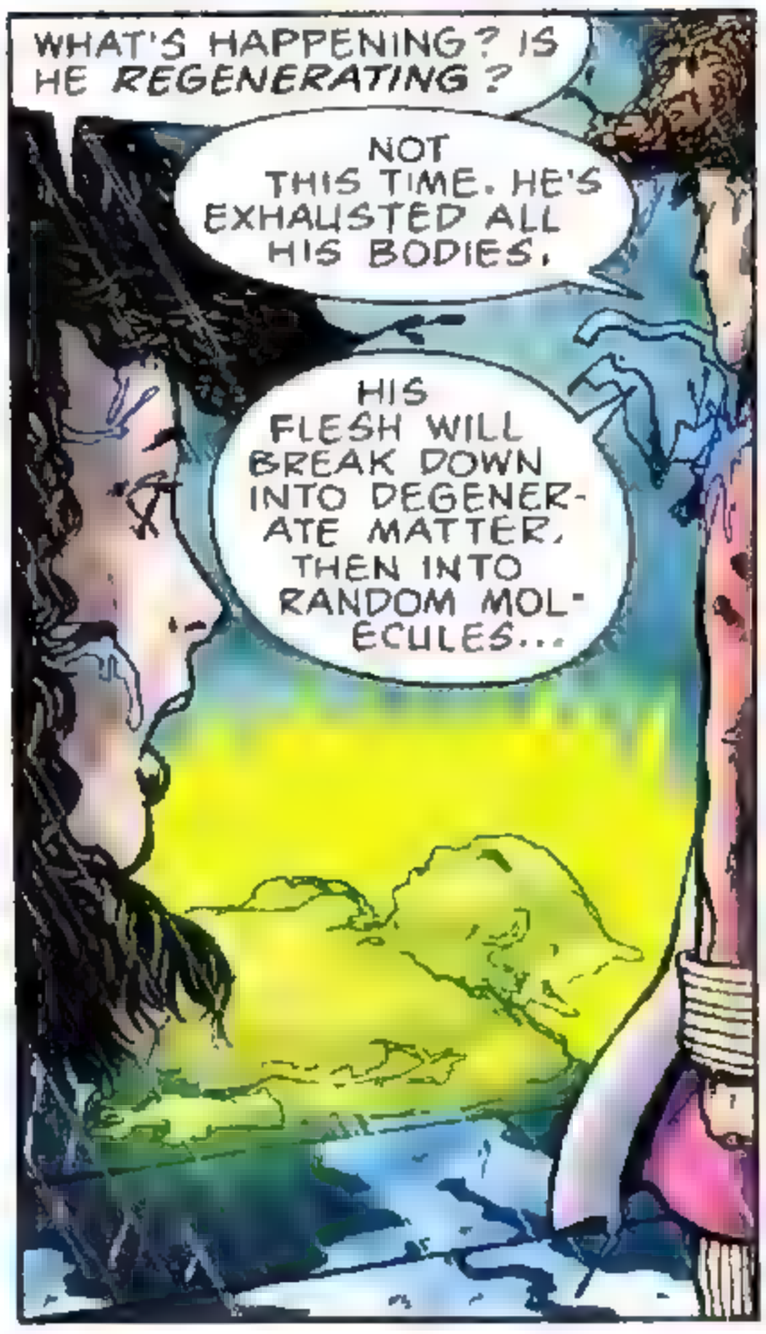
I THINK YOU'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK DOWN HERE.

WE'VE GOT A TIME LORD IN TROUBLE!


HOLD ON, OLD CHAP. WE'LL GET YOU BACK TO YOUR TARDIS.

WHAT'S THAT?

HE'S GONE.


WHAT'S HAPPENING? IS HE *REGENERATING*?
NOT THIS TIME. HE'S EXHAUSTED ALL HIS BODIES.
HIS FLESH WILL BREAK DOWN INTO DEGENERATE MATTER, THEN INTO RANDOM MOLECULES...

YEUK!
STRANGE...

IT DOESN'T USUALLY HAPPEN *THAT* FAST.
?

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?

WELL I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I WANT A WORD WITH HIS TARDIS.

THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE.

THIS LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE BREAKING AND ENTERING.

I WON'T TELL ANYONE IF YOU WON'T. BESIDES, THIS IS HOW I GOT MY **OWN** TARDIS.

AH! THERE. COME ON. MIND THE *PSYCHOSCULPTURE*.

DOCTOR, THIS IS AMAZING! OH, IT'S *BEAUTIFUL!*

RUBBISH! IT'S GAUDY AND OSTENTATIOUS. TYPICAL NEW MODEL.

DO I NEED TO SEE A PSYCHIATRIST, OR CAN I REALLY HEAR *WHISPERING?*

THAT'S *CONVERSATION*, FROBISHER. IT ALWAYS HAPPENS WHEN TWO TARDISES GET TOGETHER. THEY'RE TERRIBLE GOSSIPS ONCE THEY GET STARTED.

YOU JUST HAVE TO BE *FIRM*.

SHUT UP AND PAY ATTENTION!

THAT'S BETTER.

NOW, WHAT EXACTLY WAS YOUR MISSION HERE?

WE WERE SENT BY THE GALLIFREYAN HIGH COUNCIL. FOLLOWING EVIDENCE OF VIOLENT TEMPORAL DISTURBANCES IN THIS SPACETIME LOCUS.

I SEE. AND WHAT WAS THE NATURE OF THESE 'DISTURBANCES'?

SPORADIC PULSES OF ACCELERATED TEMPORAL PROGRESSION.

FROBISHER! WHERE DID ALL THOSE **FEATHERS** COME FROM?

WHAT? Oh, I DON'T USUALLY **MOULT** SO BADLY.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LAUGHING ABOUT. HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR HAIR?

WHAT?

It's long! And my fingernails.

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

DOCTOR, LOOK AT US! WHAT'S GOING ON?

ACCELERATED TEMPORAL PROGRESSION.

SOMEHOW TIME'S BEEN SPEEDED UP ON MARINUS. IT'S DANGEROUS TO STAY OUT IN THE OPEN FOR TOO LONG. COME ON! BACK TO THE TARDIS! **CHOP-CHOP!**

YOU MEAN I DON'T KNOW WHAT **AGE** I AM NOW?

TZUUUU...
TZUUU...
DOCTOR, THIS IS ALL HAPPENING TOO FAST FOR ME. WHERE'S THAT TARDIS GOING?
IT'LL RETURN TO GALLIFREY TO REPORT THE DEATH OF ITS PILOT.

AND WHERE ARE WE GOING?
USE THAT PRIMITIVE ORGAN YOU HUMANS CALL A BRAIN PERI!
WE'RE GOING TO LOOK FOR PLANET 14 AND FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS!

YOU SEE, I'M SURE I'VE BEEN THERE BEFORE, TOO. OR I WILL BE THERE AT SOME POINT IN SPACETIME, IF YOU FOLLOW ME.
IF ONLY I COULD REMEMBER THE DETAILS. I THINK I WAS IN MY SECOND BODY.

WHICH MEANS I WAS TRAVELLING WITH... YES, THAT'S IT! HE MIGHT REMEMBER!
LET'S GO AND ASK JAMIE!
JAMIE..?

WHO'S JAMIE?!
VWORP!
VWORP!

"WHY DIDN'T I SEE THROUGH IT? WHY DID I TRUST THAT JOB ADVERTISEMENT?"

'BUILDING A BETTER WORLD' THEY SAID.

'TRAVEL, EXCITEMENT, ACHIEVEMENT,' THEY SAID.

WELL, AT LEAST IT'S TRUE ABOUT THE TRAVEL, MAXILLA...

SIX GYRES IN INFRASPACE, PUNCTUATED BY LANDFALLS ON A FEW SCABBY MUDBALLS..?

IT'S NOT REALLY WHAT YOU'D CALL SIGHTSEEING, IS IT?

AS LONG AS I GET PAID, I DON'T CARE WHAT I DO.

THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE, DEEDRUN - NO AMBITION! I DON'T WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE REPAIRING WORLDSHAPER MACHINES!

LOOK ON THE LIGHT SIDE, MAXILLA - ONLY TWO MORE PLANETS TO GO AND THEN WE HEAD FOR HOME.

REALLY? ONLY TWO MORE? SO WHAT WAS THAT LAST ONE, THEN?

THAT WAS PLANET 13.

THE LAST ONE WAS PLANET 13.

TO BE CONTINUED!

INVESTIGATING THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF A TIME LORD ON THE PLANET **MARINUS**, THE DOCTOR AND HIS COMPANIONS HAVE TRAVELLED TO EIGHTEENTH CENTURY **SCOTLAND**.

I'VE NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED!

WE'VE ONLY **BEEN** HERE HALF AN HOUR AND ALREADY I'VE BEEN PRODDED BY ENOUGH SEMI-EVOLVED **APES** TO FILL A **ZOO!**

THE WORLD SHAPERS

EPISODE TWO.

GRANT MORRISON SCRIPT • JOHN RIDGWAY BREAKDOWNS • TIM PERKINS FINISHED ART • RICHARD STARKINGS LETTERS • SHEILA CRANNA EDITOR

THIS IS HIS CROFT HERE.
MAD JAMIE?

OPEN UP THERE, JAMIE McCRIMMON! COME ON, MAN! YOU HAVE VISITORS HERE TO SEE YOU!

GO AWAY!
LEAVE ME IN PEACE!
LET ME TRY, DUGALD

JAMIE? JAMIE, IT'S ME... THE DOCTOR!
CAN I COME IN?

DOCTOR?
IS IT REALLY YOU?

JAMIE ?
Oh, DOCTOR! DOCTOR, I KNEW YOU'D COME BACK ONE DAY!

AND PERI TOO... AND... AND...
AND THIS WEE THING.
NAME'S FROBISHER, PAL.

DOCTOR ?
I MUST HAVE MISCALCULATED OUR ARRIVAL BY ABOUT FORTY YEARS.
POOR JAMIE.
COME IN, COME IN!

IF ONLY I'D KNOWN YOU WERE COMING.
JUST LET ME TIDY UP HERE... I... I...

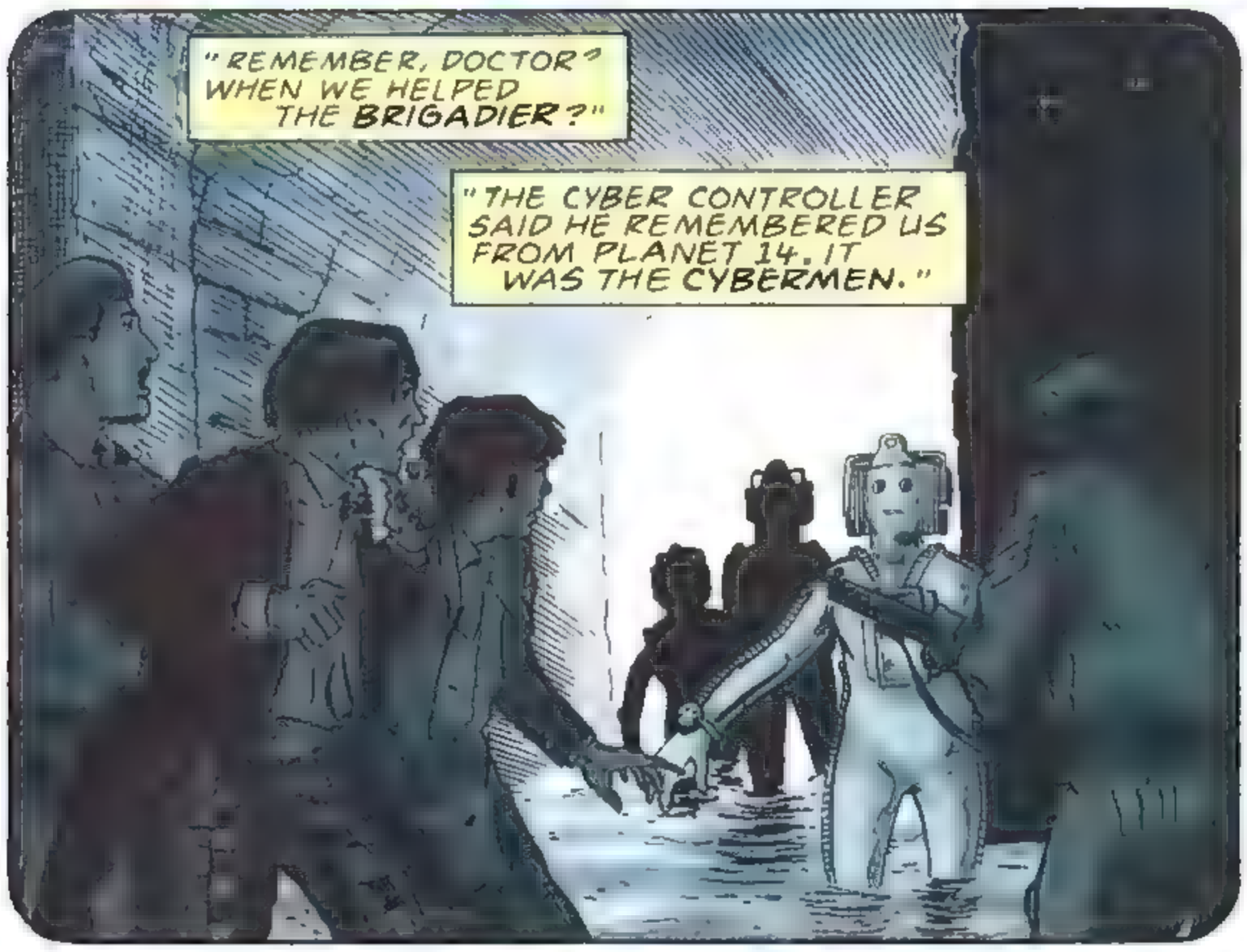
Oh, DOCTOR, EVERY-THING'S SUCH A Muh-MESS... AND I'M SO OLD...
YOU Shuh-SHOULDN'T HAVE SEEN ME... LIKE THIS...

I DON'T CARE HOW OLD YOU ARE, JAMIE.
YOU'RE STILL MY FRIEND AND I'M COUNTING ON YOUR HELP.

YOU'VE MET THIS GUY BEFORE?
YEAH, IN SPAIN, A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO. HE WAS AN AWFUL LOT YOUNGER THEN.

TELL ME HOW I CAN HELP YOU, DOCTOR.
WELL, WE'VE JUST SEEN A TIME LORD DIE ON MARINUS. HIS LAST WORDS WERE 'PLANET 14'. DOES THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

I KNOW I WAS TRAVELLING WITH YOU THE LAST TIME I HEARD THAT NAME...
PLANET 14? DIDN'T THE CYBER CONTROLLER MENTION PLANET 14?


"REMEMBER, DOCTOR? WHEN WE HELPED THE BRIGADIER?"
"THE CYBER CONTROLLER SAID HE REMEMBERED US FROM PLANET 14. IT WAS THE CYBERMEN."

CYBERMEN? THIS IS WORSE THAN I IMAGINED.
TIME TO GET BACK TO THE TARDIS, I THINK.
DOCTOR..?

LET ME COME WITH YOU. THERE'S NOTHING FOR ME HERE.
PLEASE, DOCTOR. THIS ONE LAST TIME.

COME ON THEN. YOU CAN HELP WITH THE MAGIC SHOW.

...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS A MARVEL OF THE AGE.
A BAFFLING FEAT OF SORCERY, TAUGHT TO ME BY MONKS IN TIBET.

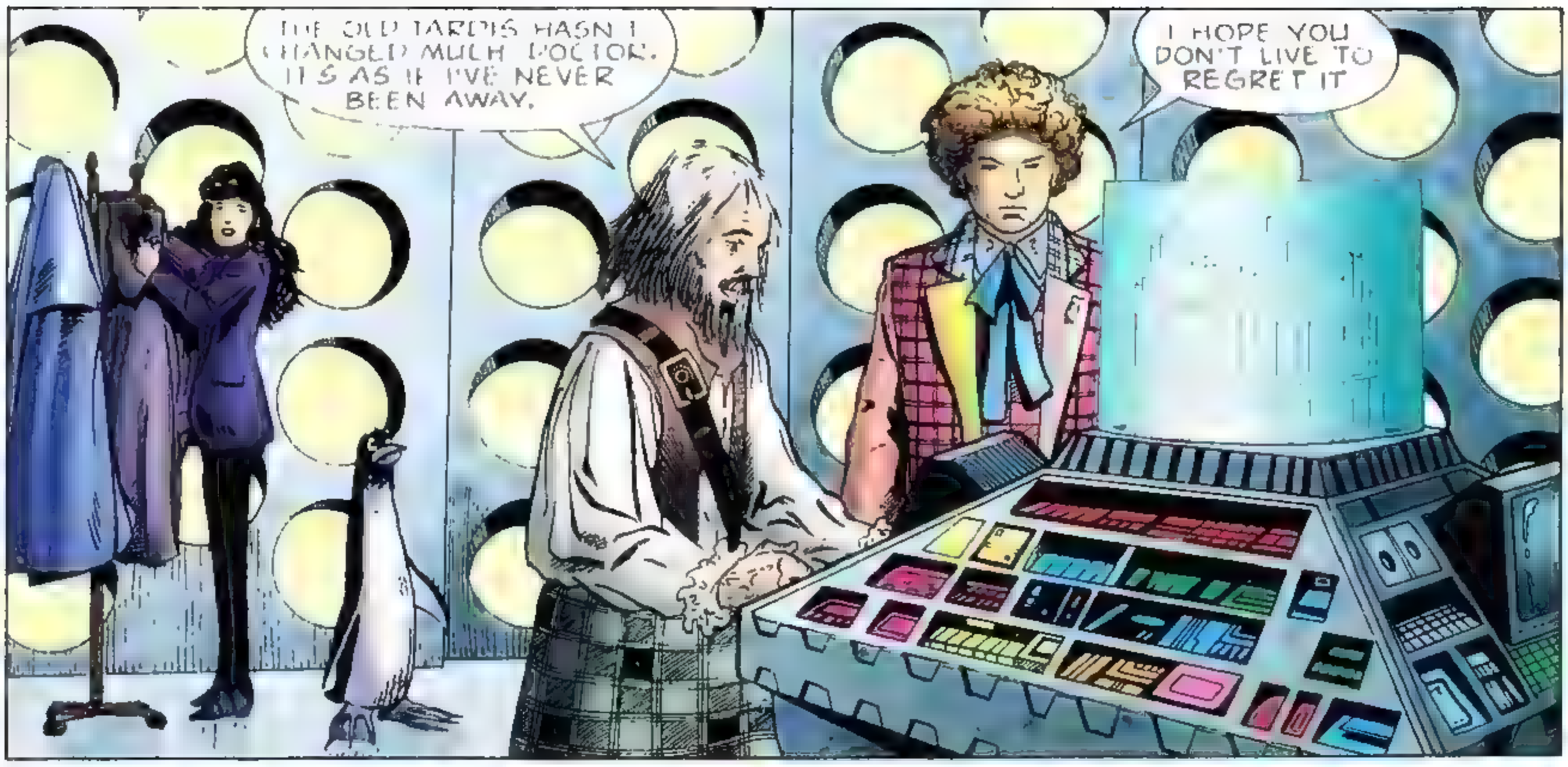
WATCH CLOSELY NOW AS MY ASSISTANTS ENTER THE MAGIC CABINET!
HA HA! LOOK AT OLD JAMIE. HE THINKS HE'S OFF TO THE MOON AGAIN!
MIND YOU DON'T TRIP OVER YOUR CLAYMORE, JAMIE!

AND NOW, BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES, THE CABINET WILL VANISH FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH.
'BYE!

WOULD YOU LISTEN TO THAT?
IT'S A MIRACLE!
VWORP
VWORP

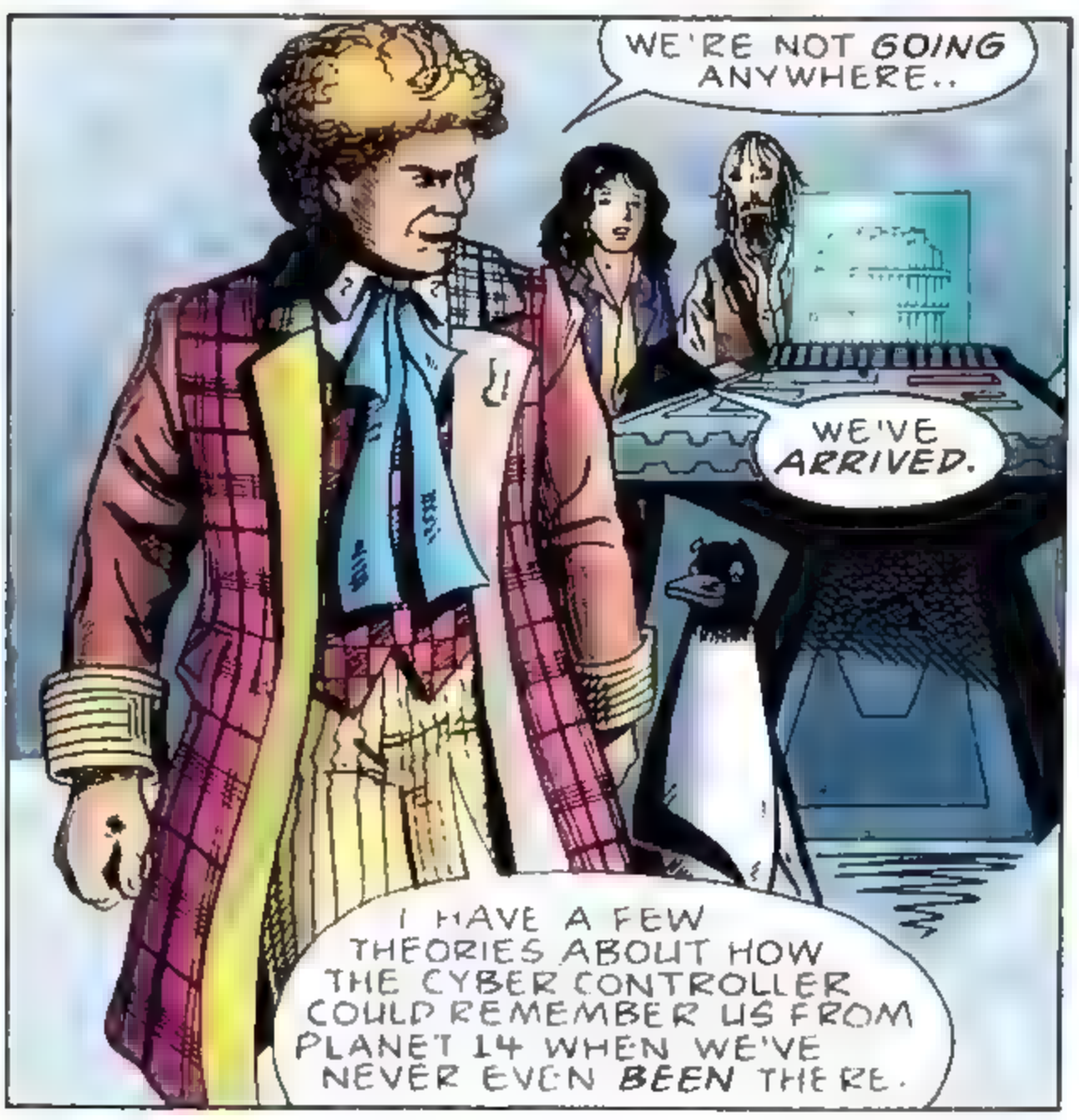
OCH, IT'S ALL CONJURING. I'VE SEEN IT DONE BEFORE, IN EDINBURGH. THE DOCTOR'LL BE BACK IN NO TIME AT ALL JUST YOU WAIT.

DOCTOR?


THE OLD TARDIS HASN'T CHANGED MUCH DOCTOR. IT'S AS IF I'VE NEVER BEEN AWAY.
I HOPE YOU DON'T LIVE TO REGRET IT

JAMIE, I THOUGHT THE TIME LORDS ERASED YOUR MEMORY WHEN YOU LEFT THE DOCTOR.
THAT'S WHAT *THEY* THOUGHT TOO PERI. FORTUNATELY, THEIR UNDERSTANDING OF THE HUMAN MIND IS FAIRLY LIMITED
AYE...

THE DOCTOR TAUGHT ME A FEW WEE TRICKS TO RESIST THE TIME LORDS' MACHINES. I NEVER FORGOT ONE MOMENT OF OUR ADVENTURES TOGETHER.
SPEAKING OF ADVENTURES, WHERE ARE WE GOING NOW?


WE'RE NOT *GOING* ANYWHERE..
WE'VE *ARRIVED.*
I HAVE A FEW THEORIES ABOUT HOW THE CYBER CONTROLLER COULD REMEMBER US FROM PLANET 14 WHEN WE'VE NEVER EVEN *BEEN* THERE.

WELCOME BACK TO *MARINUS.*
...Oh.

SOMEBODY MUST'VE PULLED THE PLUG OUT, DOC.

A WHOLE PLANET CAN'T JUST LOSE ITS OCEANS OVERNIGHT. WE MUST HAVE OVERSHOT BY THOUSANDS OF YEARS.
NO, THE TARDIS CHRONOMETER IS QUITE ACCURATE.

ONLY A WEEK HAS PASSED SINCE WE WERE HERE BEFORE I THINK I UNDERSTAND.
DOCTOR, LOOK!

HELP ME... PLEASE... THEY'RE COMING...
IT'S ALL... GUH - GONE... WRONG.

WHAT HAVE WE... DONE..? IT'S ALL GONE UNNH!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?
UH, THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION, DOC...

MAYBE YOU SHOULD ASK THEM!
TO BE CONTINUED!

THE WORLD SHAPERS
EPISODE THREE.
INVESTIGATING THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF A TIMELORD ON THE PLANET MARINUS, THE DOCTOR HAS ENLISTED THE HELP OF AN AGEING JAMIE McCRIMMON...
QUICKLY!
EVERY-BODY IN!
DOCTOR, WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS? THEY LOOK KIND OF LIKE CYBERMEN.
NO. THEY'RE VOORD, BUT SOMETHING HAS CHANGED THEM.
THERE.
WE'RE SAFE IN THE TIME-STREAM. NOW PERHAPS WE CAN GET SOME ANSWERS FROM OUR FRIEND HERE.
MAXILLA...
... MY NAME'S MAXILLA.
I'M A MAINTENANCE OPERATIVE.
YOU CAN CALL ME THE DOCTOR. THESE ARE MY COMPANIONS – PERI, FROBISHER AND JAMIE.
WHAT EXACTLY IS IT THAT YOU MAINTAIN?

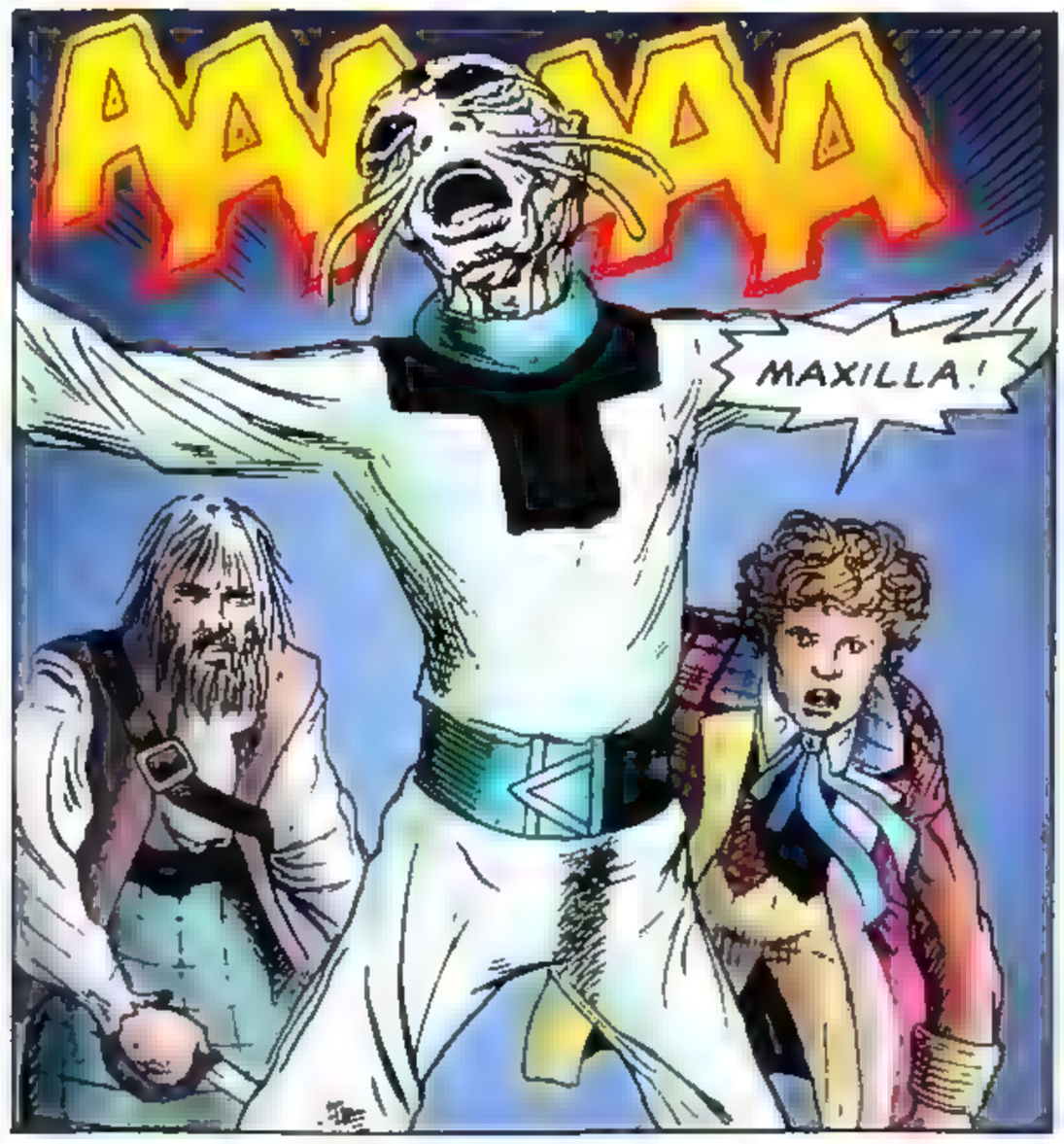
WORLDSHAPER MACHINES. THEY'RE USED TO ARTIFICIALLY ACCELERATE TIME AND CAUSE RAPID ENVIRONMENTAL CHANGES... ON UNINHABITED WORLDS, OF COURSE. THIS WAS PLANET 14 ON OUR LIST.
SO I WAS RIGHT.
LISTEN, WORLDSHAPERS WERE BANNED AGES AGO, AFTER THEY USED ONE ON YXIA AND THE WHOLE PLANETARY SYSTEM FELL APART!
LOOK, DON'T BLAME ME. I ONLY REPAIR THE THINGS! I DIDN'T EVEN WANT THIS JOB.
MAXILLA, PLEASE GO ON.
" WELL, WHEN DEEDRUN, THAT'S MY PARTNER, AND I ARRIVED, WE FOUND THAT A BIG MISTAKE HAD BEEN MADE..."
" PLANET 14 WASN'T UNINHABITED. A RACE CALLED THE VOORD HAD CAPTURED THE WORLDSHAPER AND USED IT TO RAPID-EVOLVE THEMSELVES..."
" THEIR TAMPERING RESULTED IN AN OVERLOAD AND..."
" WELL, I MANAGED TO ERECT A TIME-SHIELD, BUT DEEDRUN..."
POOR DEEDRUN. THE SHIELD COULDN'T PROTECT ME COMPLETELY BUT AT LEAST I'M STILL ALIVE.
" WHEN THE EFFECT CEASED, THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF GYRES HAD PASSED. THE OCEANS WERE DRY AND THE VOORD HAD MUTATED FURTHER. MORE OF THEIR BODY PARTS HAD BEEN REPLACED BY CYBERNETIC GRAFTS..."
YOU MEAN THEY'RE EVOLVING INTO WHAT WE KNOW AS CYBERMEN?
THE VOORD ARE THE CYBERMEN?

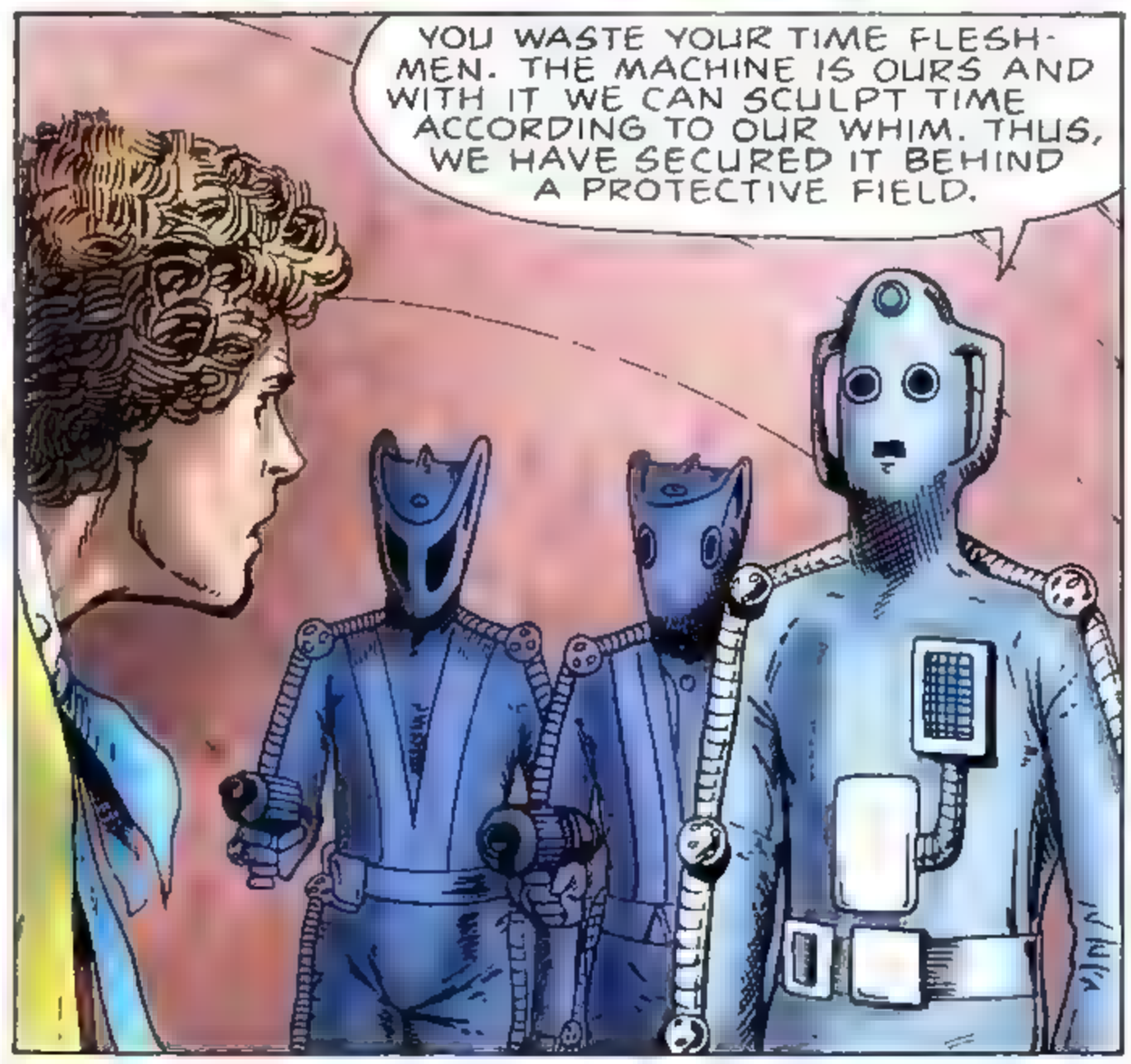
WHATEVER THEY ARE, THEY HAVE THE WORLDSHAPER! USED AS A WEAPON, IT COULD DEVASTATE THE GALAXY!
OH, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME DESTROY THE WORLDSHAPER.

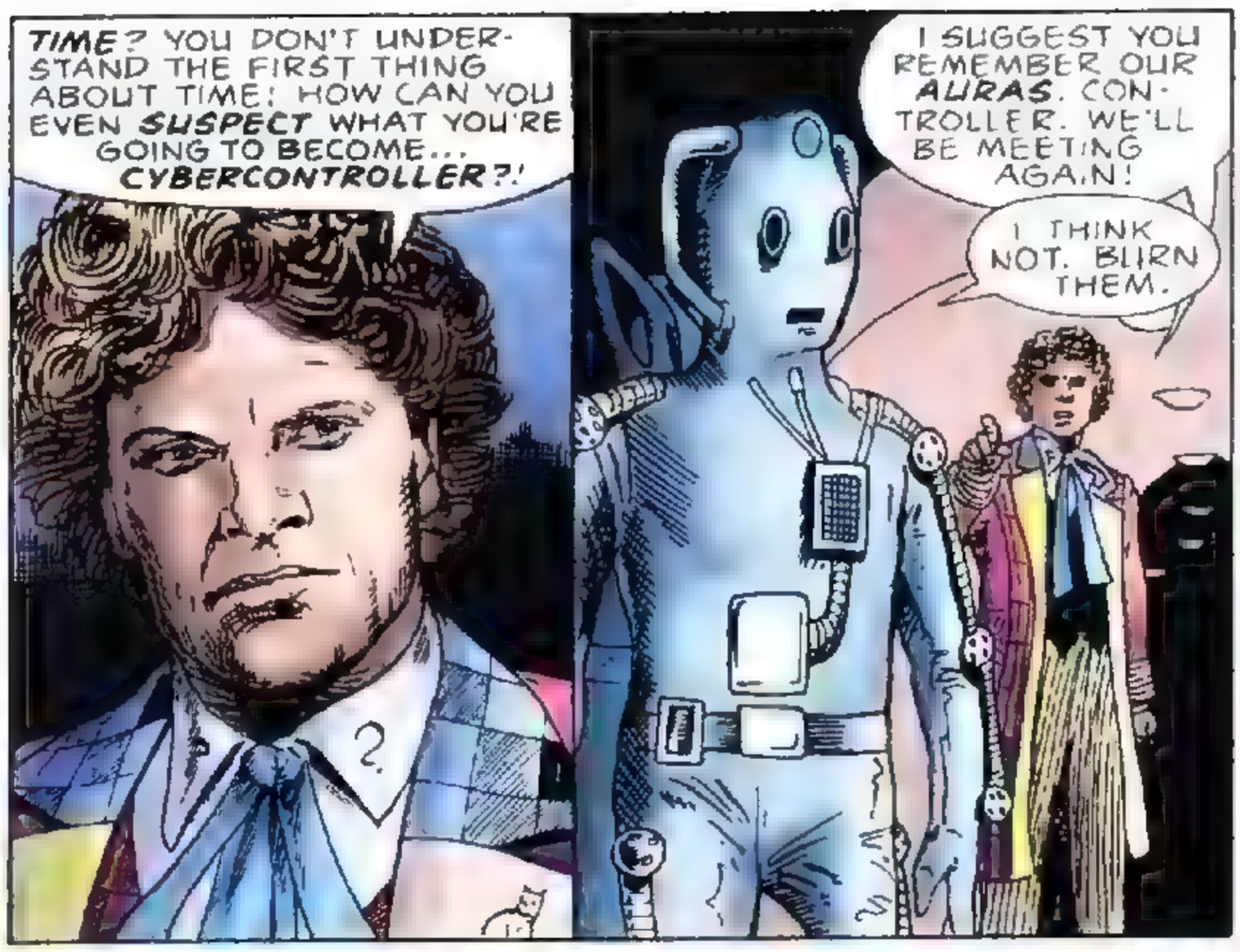
THE TARDIS HAS HOMED IN ON THE MACHINE'S RESIDUAL ENERGY.
MAXILLA, JAMIE...
VWORP VWORP

"WE'RE GOING IN."
WHY DID YOU LET ME COME AND NOT THE OTHERS, DOCTOR?
YOU HAD TO BE HERE, JAMIE...
THIS IS WHERE THE CYBER-CONTROLLER MEETS US ON PLANET 14. DON'T YOU SEE HOW IT ALL FITS?

NOT REALLY, NO.
LOOK! THE WORLDSHAPER! I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE IN WITH-OUT A...


AAAAAA
MAXILLA!


YOU WASTE YOUR TIME FLESH-MEN. THE MACHINE IS OURS AND WITH IT WE CAN SCULPT TIME ACCORDING TO OUR WHIM. THUS, WE HAVE SECURED IT BEHIND A PROTECTIVE FIELD.


TIME? YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE FIRST THING ABOUT TIME: HOW CAN YOU EVEN SUSPECT WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO BECOME... CYBERCONTROLLER?!
I SUGGEST YOU REMEMBER OUR AURAS. CONTROLLER. WE'LL BE MEETING AGAIN!
I THINK NOT. BURN THEM.

JUST LIKE THE GOOD OLD DAYS.
AYE DOCTOR.

YAAA!
HA!

NOW GET OUT OF HERE, DOCTOR! THE OTHERS WILL NEED YOU.
JAMIE, WHAT..?
NO! THE FORCE FIELD!

I NEVER WANTED TO DIE IN MY BED, DOCTOR.
GOODBYE.

NO!

"TIME'S RACING... UH, MASSIVE GEOLOGICAL ACTIVITY... MOUNTAINS FORMING... CONTINENTAL PLATES BEGINNING TO MOVE..."

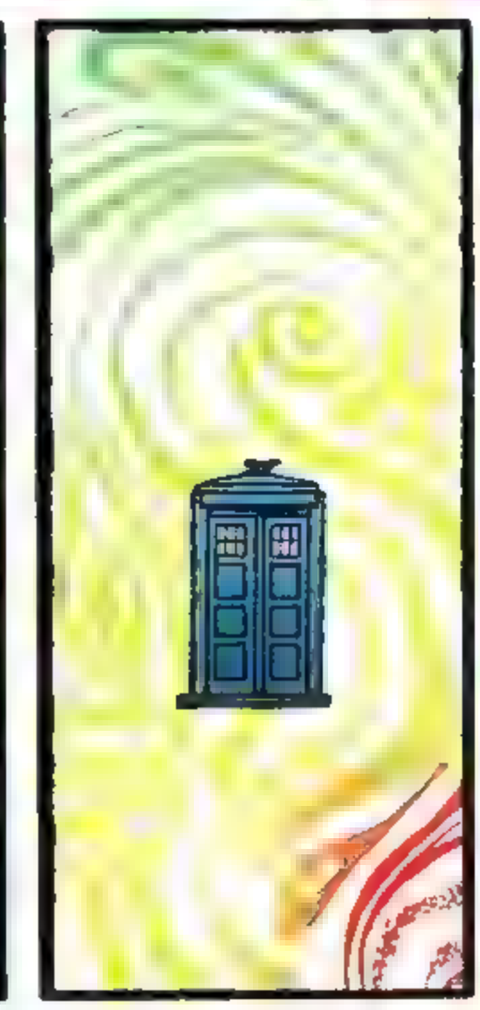
"IT'S GOING TO ENGULF THE WHOLE PLANET!"

DOCTOR! RUN! IT'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
MOVE IT, DOC!

Uhh! QUICKLY, SHUT THE DOOR!

MAXILLA? JAMIE..?
DEAD?
JAMIE'S DEAD.
THE TIME-FIELD'S ABOUT TO...

HIT US!



LOOKS LIKE IT'S ALL OVER, DOC.
IS IT SAFE TO GO OUT?

IT'S NOT A PARTICULARLY HOSPITABLE ENVIRONMENT, PERI, BUT I SHOULD THINK IT'S SAFE ENOUGH FOR US...

...IF IT'S SAFE ENOUGH FOR THE *TIME LORDS*.

YOU RE *LATE*. THE PARTY'S OVER. BUT DOESN'T TIME FLY WHEN YOU'RE HAVING FUN?

COME NOW, DOCTOR. SARCASM ILL BECOMES YOU.

I RECOGNISE THIS PLACE NOW. MARINUS, PLANET 14, HAS BECOME *MONDAS*, HOME OF THE CYBERMEN.

WHY DON'T YOU JUST LEAVE NOW, DOCTOR? I'LL PRETEND WE NEVER MET HERE.

BUT THE WORLDSHAPER'S LAST ENERGY PULSE WILL HAVE COMPLETED THE EVOLUTION OF THE VOORD INTO CYBERMEN! WE HAVE A CHANCE NOW TO STOP THEIR EVIL AT THE ROOT!

IT'S ALL BEING DEALT WITH.

NOW PLEASE *LEAVE*, DOCTOR, BEFORE WE IMPOUND YOUR ANTIQUE TARDIS...

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF THIS!

DOC, MAYBE WE'D BETTER...

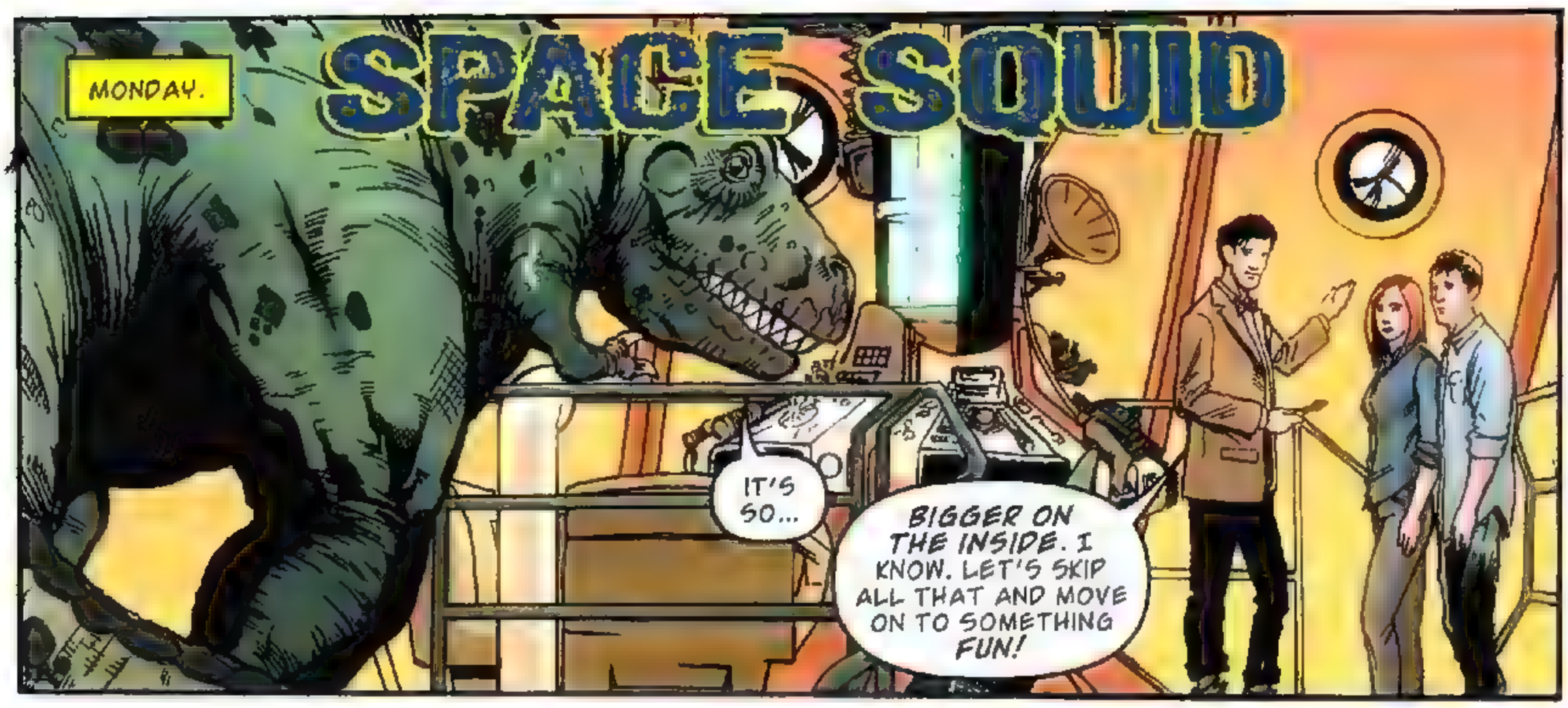
HE DOES GET SO *PASSIONATE*.

WELL, HE'S STILL *YOUNG*.

SLAM

VWORP
HE HASN'T YET FULLY GRASPED THE COMPLEX BEAUTY IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF SPACETIME.
VWORP
WITHIN FIVE MILLION YEARS, THE CYBERMEN WILL HAVE EVOLVED AGAIN. BEYOND THE NEED FOR BODIES. THEY WILL BECOME PURE THOUGHT...
THE MOST PEACE-LOVING AND ADVANCED RACE IN THE UNIVERSE...
THEY WILL LEAD US INTO A NEW ERA OF UNDERSTANDING.
AS WE SAW WHEN WE VISITED THE FUTURE YESTERDAY.
I THINK A FEW MILLION YEARS OF EVIL AND BLOODSHED ARE WELL WORTH THE ULTIMATE SALVATION OF SENTIENT LIFE, DON'T YOU?
OH, YES.
WELL WORTH IT.
THE END
GRANT MORRISON SCRIPT • JOHN RIDGWAY PENCILS • TIM PERKINS INKS • RICHARD STARKINGS LETTERS • SHEILA CRANNA EDITOR

Mark Buckingham, artist • Charlie Kirchoff, colorist


MONDAY.
SPACE SQUID
IT'S SO...
BIGGER ON THE INSIDE. I KNOW. LET'S SKIP ALL THAT AND MOVE ON TO SOMETHING FUN!

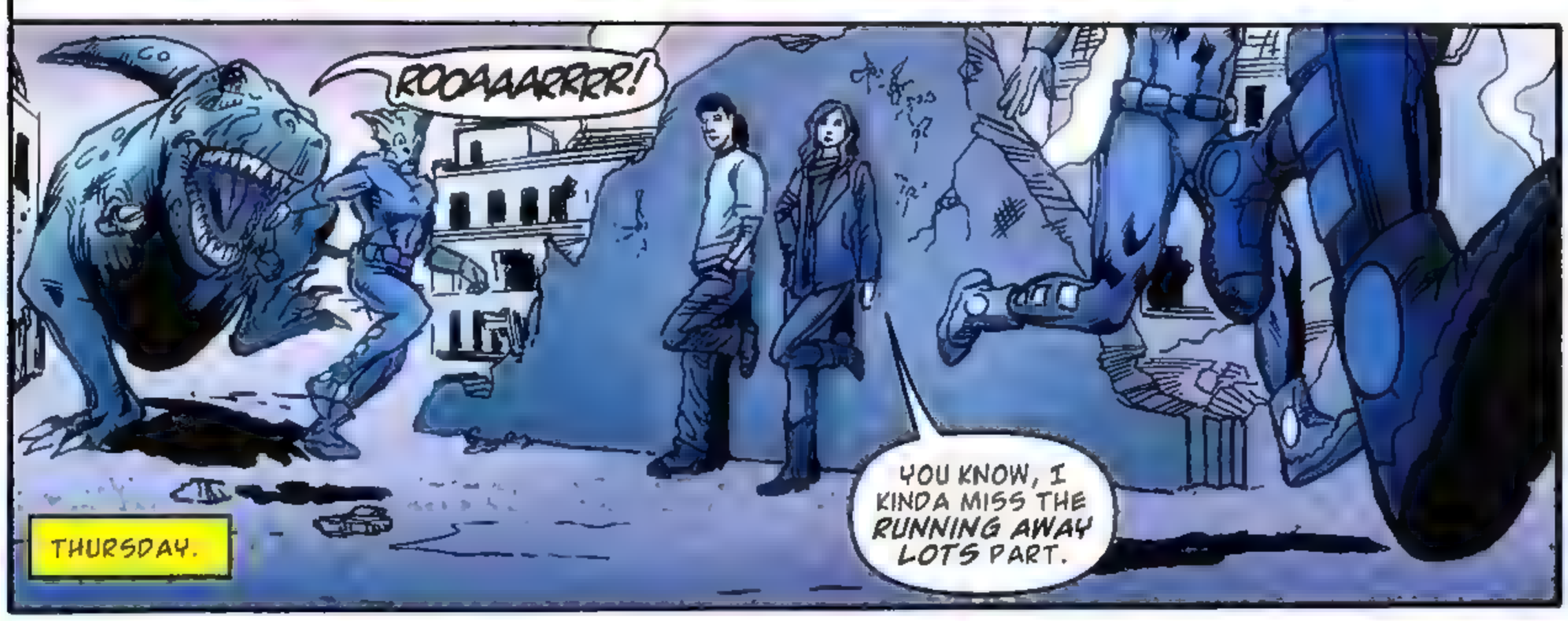
...ACTUALLY, I WAS GOING TO SAY 'CLAUSTROPHOBIC'.

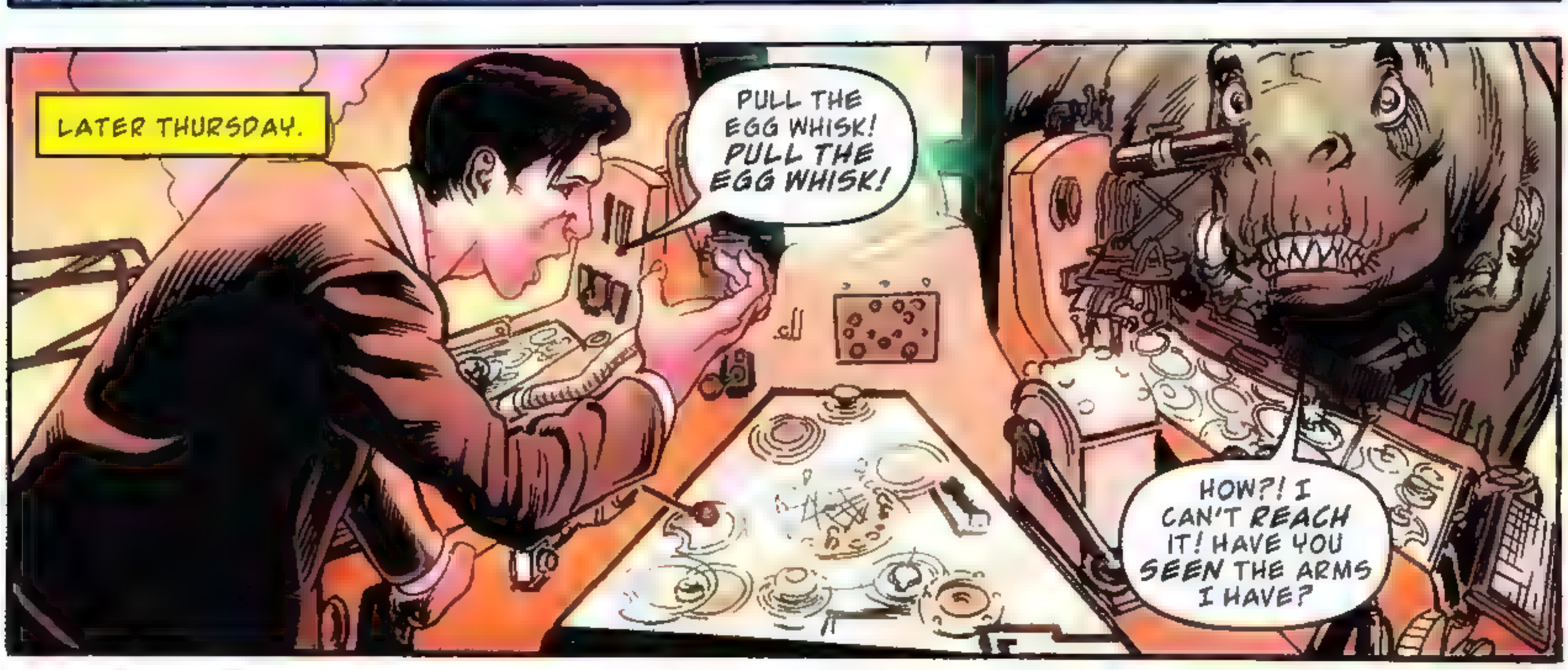
COME ON, KEVIN, LET'S FIND YOU A ROOM.
A LARGE ROOM.

YEAH... MIGHT NEED SOME HELP HERE.
IS THERE A FREIGHT LIFT IN THE TARDIS, DOCTOR?

TUESDAY.
COME ON, KEVIN, GET IN! SITTING BULL AND HIS MEN ARE COMING!
I KNOW! THEY JUST HIT ME WITH AN ARROW!
I MIGHT BE A ROBOT, BUT I HAVE PAIN RECEPTORS! OW!
POLICE BOX

WEDNESDAY.
I'M LIEUTENANT ADDISON OF THE L.A.P.D.—THIS IS MY PARTNER, LIEUTENANT...
...KEVIN.
JUST THE FACTS, MA'AM.


ROOAAARRRR!
THURSDAY.
YOU KNOW, I KINDA MISS THE RUNNING AWAY LOTS PART.


LATER THURSDAY.
PULL THE EGG WHISK! PULL THE EGG WHISK!
HOW?! I CAN'T REACH IT! HAVE YOU SEEN THE ARMS I HAVE?

FRIDAY.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, KEVIN?
OH, HELLO, RORY.
NO, NOT REALLY.

I ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THE WORLD, EXPERIENCE NEW, WELL... EXPERIENCES.
I KNEW THAT I WAS MORE THAN JUST A DINOSAUR. BUT I'M NOT, AM I?

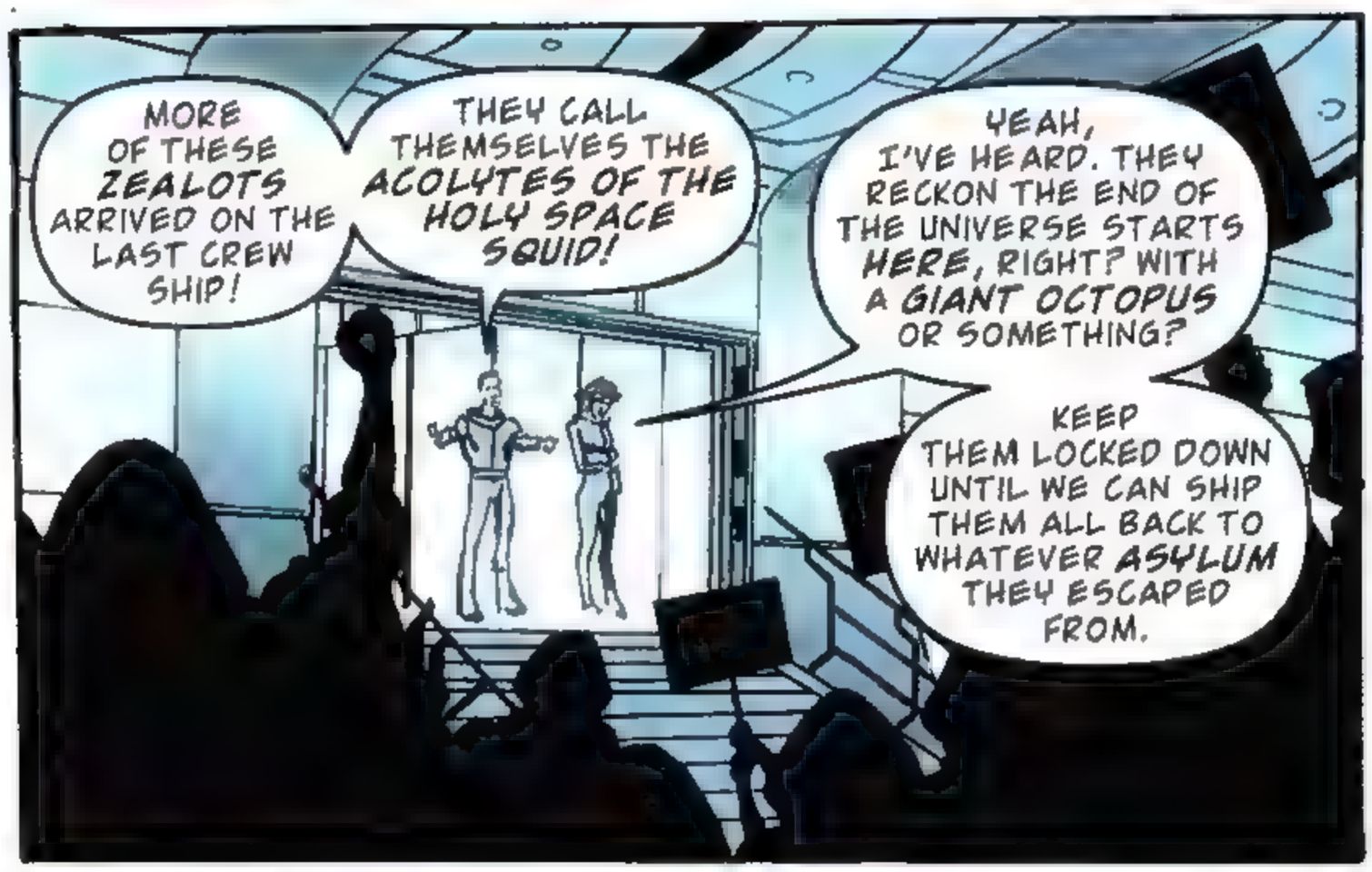
WHEN PEOPLE LOOK AT ME, THEY SEE A MONSTER. I GO FROM PLACE TO PLACE, AND I DON'T KNOW MY ROLE IN LIFE.
DO YOU KNOW YOUR ROLE?
ACTUALLY, I DO. IT'S TO PROTECT AMY, NO MATTER WHAT.

SOMETIMES I USED TO FEEL LIKE I DIDN'T FIT IN HERE, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? THAT'S FINE WITH ME.
BECAUSE IT'S EASIER TO LOOK AFTER SOMEONE WHEN EVERYONE OVERLOOKS YOU.
BUT FOR 2000 YEARS I KEPT HER SAFE, AND I'M NOT GOING TO STOP NOW.

YOU'LL FIND YOUR REASON TO CONTINUE, KEVIN. IT MIGHT NOT BE TODAY, OR EVEN TOMORROW...
...BUT IT'S OUT THERE. AND WHEN YOU DO FIND IT...

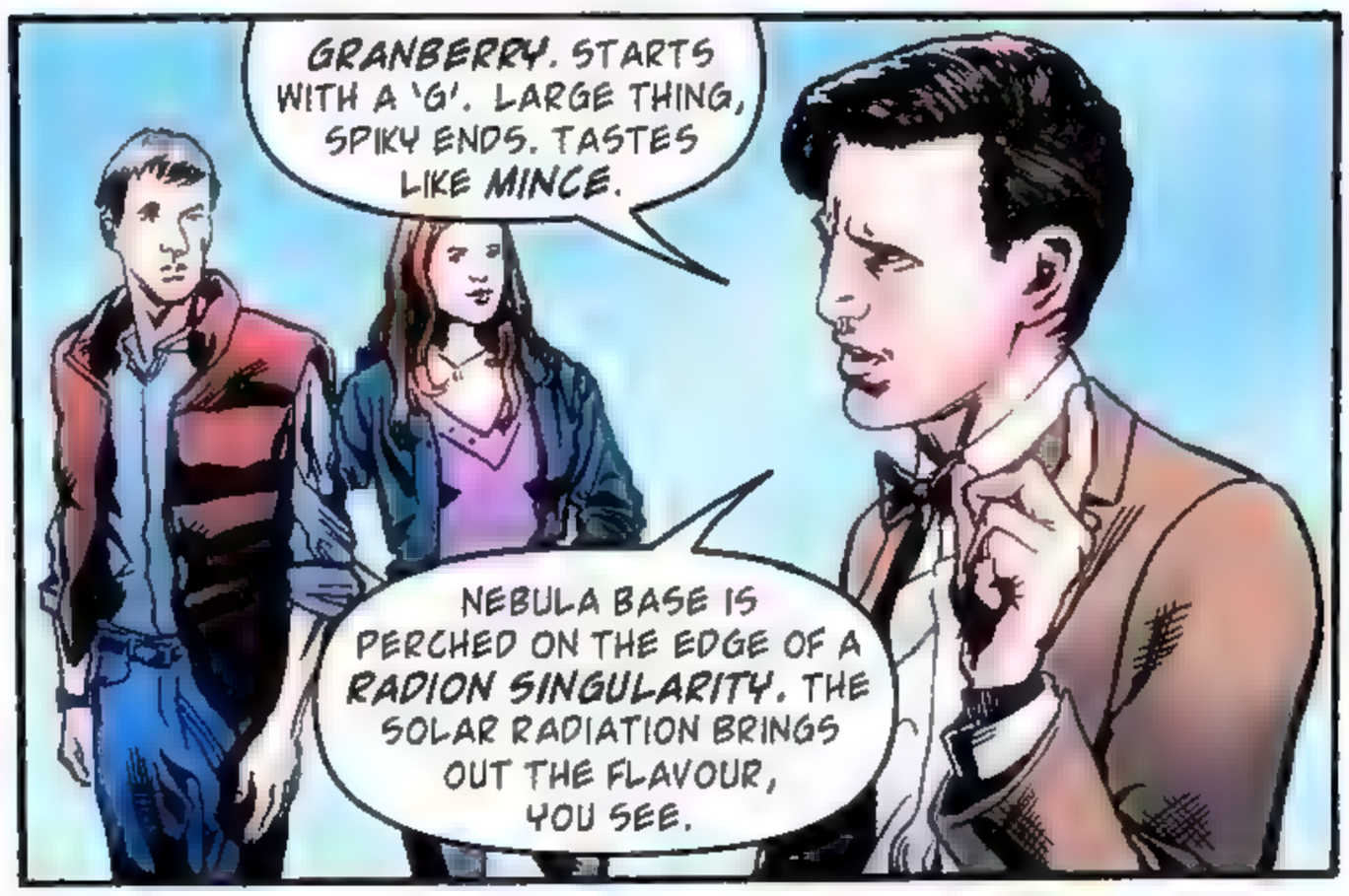
'...YOU'LL *KNOW* IT'S YOUR DESTINY'!

TOMORROW. SPACE STATION E11—NEBULA BASE.



BOW DOWN BEFORE THE HOLY SPACE SQUID!
THE END OF DAYS IS COMING!
ARE THEY STILL CHANTING, MAJOR? I THOUGHT THEY WOULD HAVE GIVEN UP BY NOW.
NO, MA'AM. IF ANYTHING, THEY'RE GETTING WORSE.
APPARENTLY, SOME HIGH-RANKING PRIEST IS ARRIVING TODAY. GONNA GUIDE THEM PERSONALLY THROUGH THE SQUID RAPTURE.
IT SEEMS THAT THE END OF THE WORLD IS TODAY AT 1700 HOURS. OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
THE SQUID WILL EMBRACE THE FAITHFUL WITHIN ITS HOLY TENTACLES.
REALLY? I MIGHT HAVE TO HAVE A WORD WITH THESE ACOLYTES. SEE IF THEY WANT TO GIVE THIS UNBELIEVER HERE THEIR POSSESSIONS BEFORE THEY GO.
AFTER ALL, THEY WON'T NEED THEM, AND THERE ARE A COUPLE OF CHOICE SPACE YACHTS OUT THERE READY FOR THE TAKING.
WORP WORP

NEBULA BASE! THEY MAKE THE BEST GRANBERRY SMOOTHIES IN THE COSMOS!
GRANBERRY? DON'T YOU MEAN CRANBERRY?


GRANBERRY. STARTS WITH A 'G'. LARGE THING, SPIKY ENDS. TASTES LIKE MINCE.
NEBULA BASE IS PERCHED ON THE EDGE OF A RADION SINGULARITY. THE SOLAR RADIATION BRINGS OUT THE FLAVOUR, YOU SEE.

MINCE, EH? YUM YUM. A MINCE SMOOTHIE.
I'M STILL ASLEEP, AREN'T I? IT'S A BAD DREAM, AND I'M STILL ASLEEP.
IF YOU DON'T STOP WHINING, I'LL PUSH YOU OUT OF YOUR BUNK. THEN YOU'LL WAKE UP.

UM, DOCTOR? DO YOU THINK I SHOULD COME WITH YOU?
AFTER THAT... MISUNDERSTANDING IN JAPAN?
PURELY A CULTURAL THING, KEVIN. THEY THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO EAT TOKYO.
STAY HERE. WE'LL PICK UP A DRINK AND THEN BE BACK IN A FLASH.

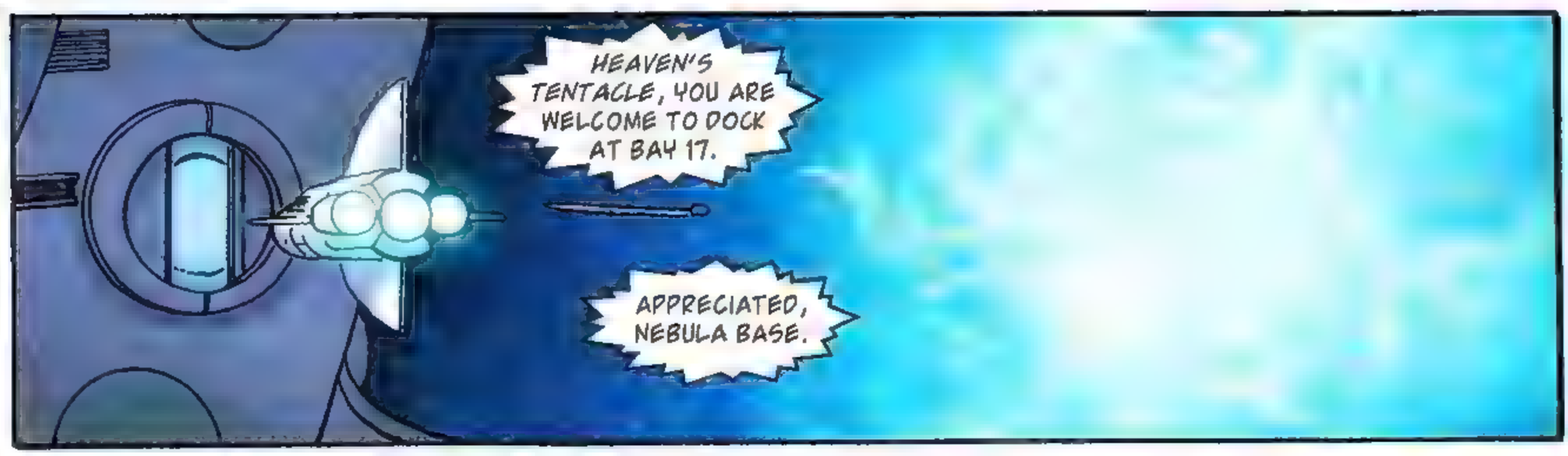
POLICE BOX
YEAH. BECAUSE THAT ALWAYS HAPPENS.

COMMANDER KATIC! MAJOR FILLION! WE HAVE AN INCOMING TRANSMISSION!

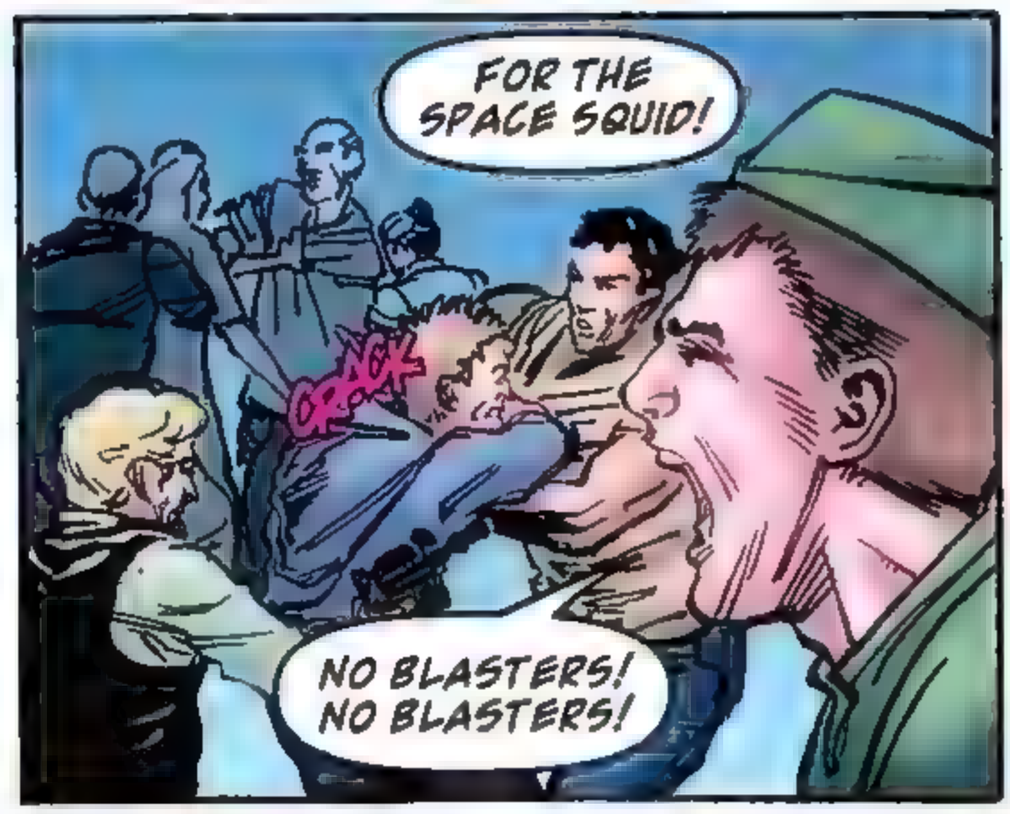
THE STAR CRUISER 'HEAVEN'S TENTACLE' IS REQUESTING PERMISSION TO DOCK!

THAT'LL BE OUR HIGH PRIEST ARRIVING, THEN.

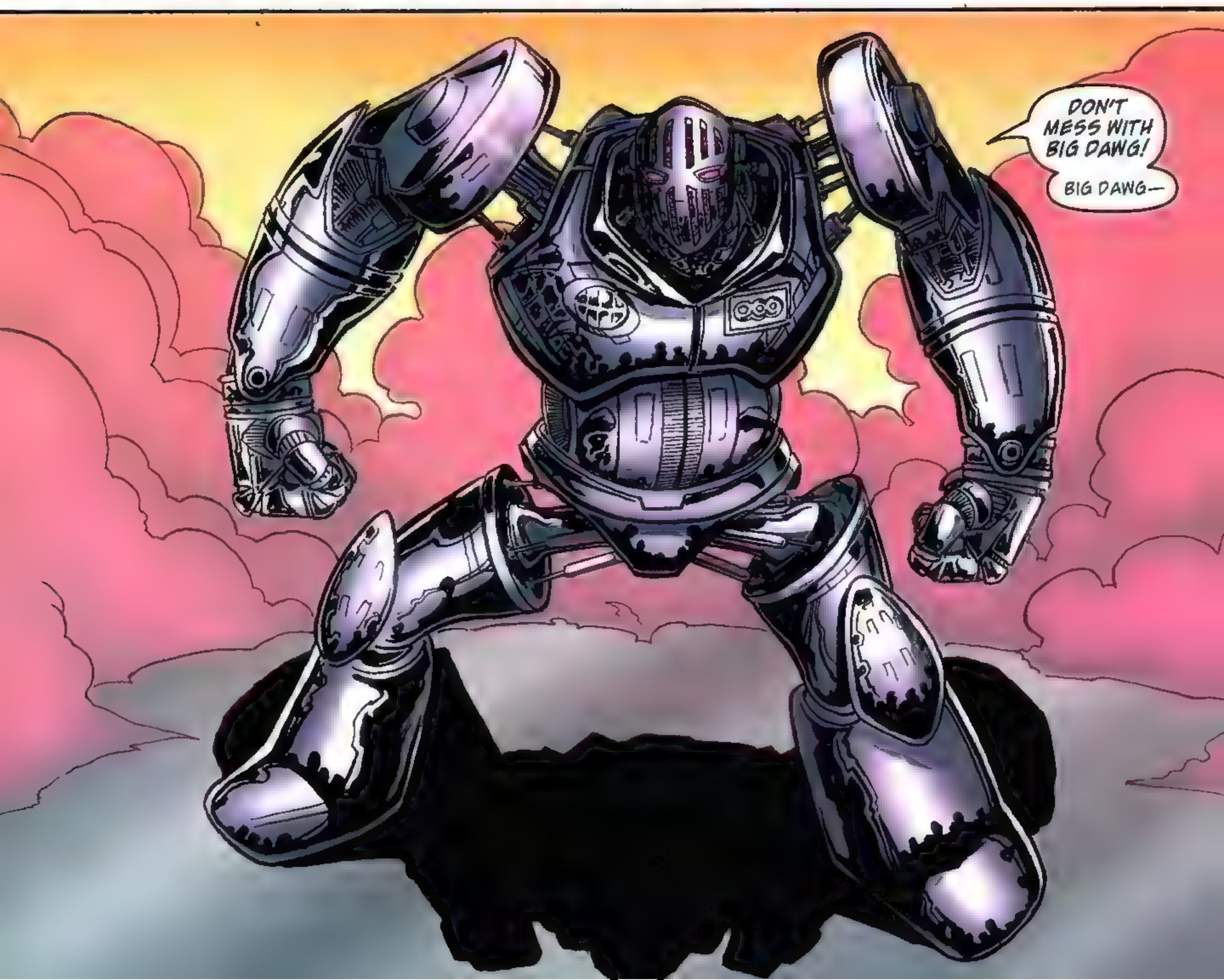
LET THEM IN, LT. HUERTAS. TELL THEM THEY'VE GOT A BIT OF A WELCOME COMMITTEE, THOUGH.



THE NATIVES ARE GETTING RESTLESS, DOCTOR. WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE!
BUT I HAVEN'T GOT MY GRANBERRY SMOOTHIE YET—
I'LL COOK YOU A SPAG BOL! COME ON!


FOR THE SPACE SQUID!
CRACK
NO BLASTERS! NO BLASTERS!

COME ON... WHERE ARE YOU?


DON'T MESS WITH BIG DAWG!
BIG DAWG—

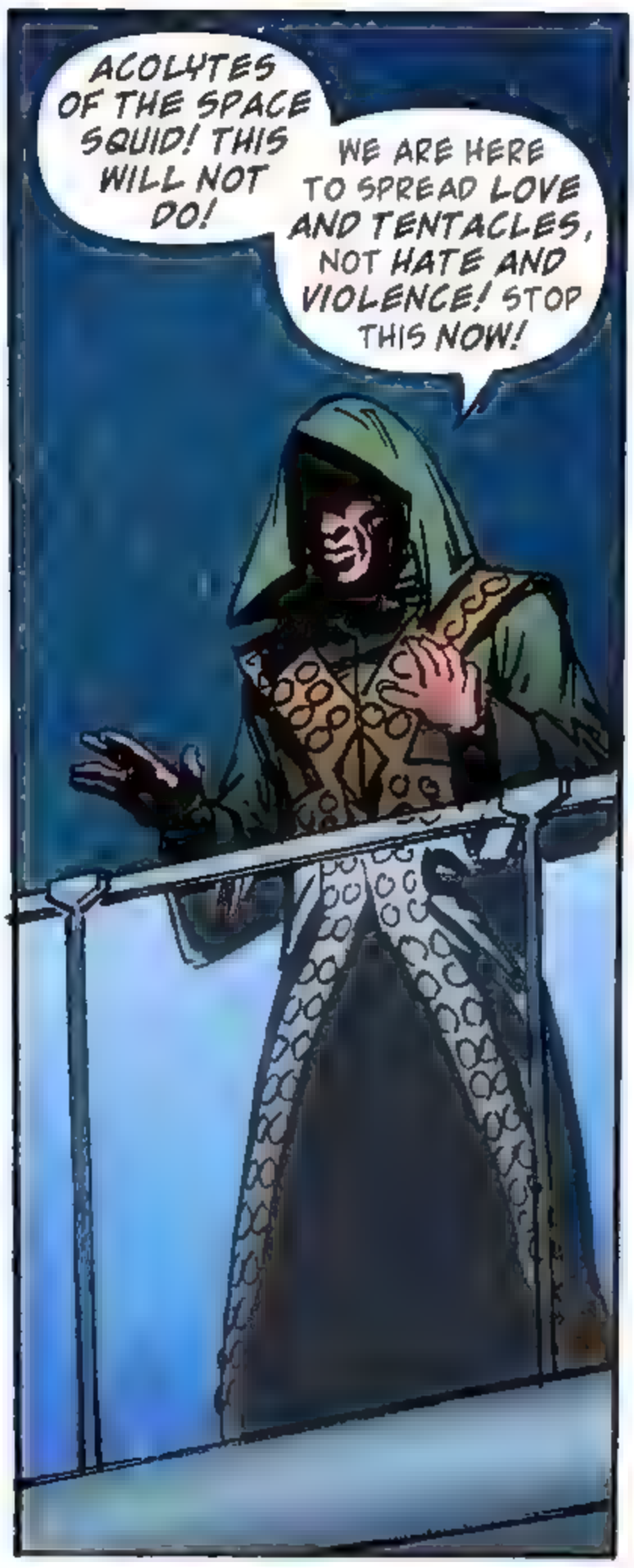
—EXPLODES.

KOOM
SECURITY TO COMMAND! SONIC WEAPONS! BIG DAWG'S DOWN!

AND I THINK I'M NEXT—

ROAAAR

THAT'S A NEW ADDITION TO THE SECURITY TEAM.
LOOK! UP ON THE GANTRY! IT'S THE HIGH PRIEST!


ACOLYTES OF THE SPACE SQUID! THIS WILL NOT DO!
WE ARE HERE TO SPREAD LOVE AND TENTACLES, NOT HATE AND VIOLENCE! STOP THIS NOW!

YOU KEEP TALKING OF THIS SPACE SQUID, BUT WHERE IS IT? EH?
HOKEY RELIGIONS AND MAGIC CEPHALOPODS ARE NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A GOOD BLASTER AT YOUR SIDE!

TRUE. I SHOULD, AS THEY SAY, 'PUT MY MONEY WHERE MY MOUTH IS'.
VERY WELL. REJOICE, MY BRETHREN...

...FOR THE TIME OF THE SPACE SQUID IS AT HAND!
COME! COME TO THE MAIN HANGAR!

COME! QUICK! BEFORE SECURITY CATCHES YOU!

WHY? IS THERE ANYTHING WE'VE DONE THAT WOULD MAKE SECURITY WANT TO CATCH US?

SO, A SONIC WEAPON. WAS IT YOU WHO DESTROYED OUR SECURITY 'BOT, ACOLYTE?
WHO EXACTLY ARE YOU? AND WHY ARE YOU HERE?
MORE DOCTOR THAN ACOLYTE, I'M AFRAID. AND AS FOR WHO I AM AND WHY I'M HERE...
...WHO MORE THAN ANYONE DO YOU THINK THIS STATION NEEDS RIGHT NOW TO HELP YOU? THAT'S IT, THINK...

...SURPRISE. I'M THAT MAN. RIGHT HERE, SEE? NOW, LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.
OH, AND RELEASE KEVIN. HE DID STOP THE RIOT, AFTER ALL.

ENSIGN QUINN, GET THIS MAN WHATEVER HE NEEDS.
WHAT I NEED IS TO SEE THE FOOTAGE OF THE SHIP AS IT ARRIVED.
AWFULLY CONVENIENT FOR SOME ALL-POWERFUL SQUID GOD TO ARRIVE JUST AS HE DOES, ISN'T IT?

THERE, THAT'S WHAT CAUSED THE APPEARANCE.
HE CLAIMED IT WAS NOTHING MORE THAN HOLY RELICS.

OH, IT WAS WAY MORE THAN JUST A RELIC.
STILL, THIS GIVES US GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS. THE GOOD IS THAT THIS ISN'T A GOD AND THE UNIVERSE ISN'T GOING TO END.
THE BAD, HOWEVER, IS THAT WE'RE PROBABLY ALL GOING TO DIE ANYWAY.

A CARGO HANGAR? THE HIGH PRIEST OF THE HOLY SPACE SQUID DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A SUITE OF ROOMS?
GIVE HIM A CHANCE! WE ONLY JUST GOT HERE! HE'S NOT HAD A SECOND TO EVEN CHECK IN!

AND THERE ARE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO THAN CHECK IN, YOUNG WOMAN.
LIKE PERSONALLY THANK TWO OF MY FINEST ACOLYTES.

WHAT, US?
I MEAN, YES, US!
I WILL ADMIT I DIDN'T REALISE THAT WE HAD ANY BACKUP AGENTS OUT THERE. JONES IS MY FINEST.
I APOLOGISE THAT HE GOT TO THE TARGET FIRST.

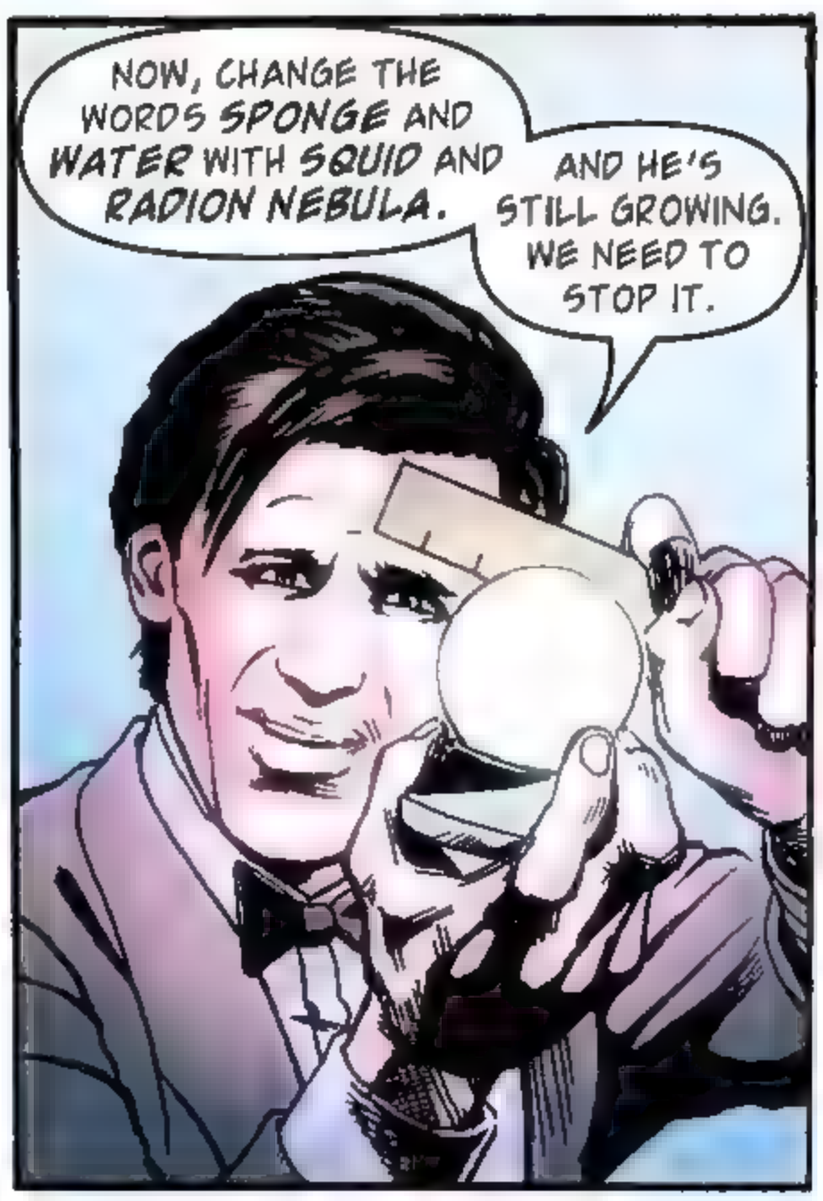
OH, NOT A PROBLEM, WE UNDERSTAND FULLY. LEFT HAND KNOWING RIGHT HAND AND ALL THAT.
WHY ONLY TAKE OUT THE ROBOT? WHY NOT THE GUARDS, TOO?

BECAUSE WE ONLY WANTED THE NON-HUMAN CREW DISABLED.
THE 'BIG DAWG', AS THEY LIKE TO CALL HIM, IS... WAS THE ONLY NON-HUMAN SECURITY ON THE STATION.

WITH IT GONE, THERE IS NOBODY LEFT TO STOP US AFTER THE MIND CONTROL BEGINS.
WHICH IS IN ABOUT... OH, NOW.

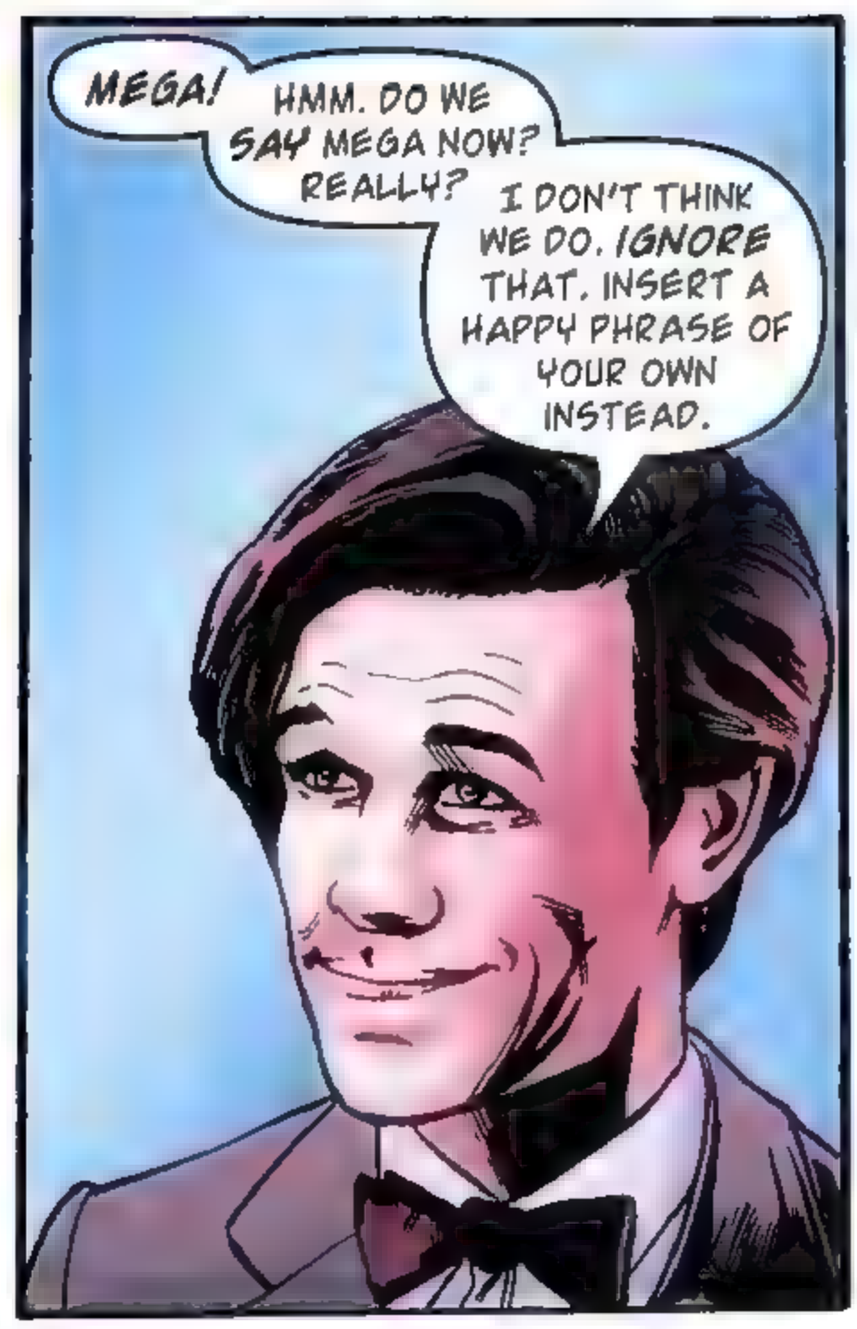
IT'S A COLEOIDEAN. NASTY LITTLE SQUIDDY THING. LIKES TO SUCK BRAINS.
USUALLY ABOUT FIVE FEET TALL.
WELL, I THINK WE CAN SAFELY SAY THAT THIS ONE IS A DAMN SIGHT MORE THAN FIVE FEET, DOCTOR!
ANY GENIUS IDEAS INVOLVING THAT?

ACTUALLY, YES. THIS SINGULARITY THAT YOU'RE BESIDE SPEWS OUT RADION RADIATION. GREAT FOR SMOOTHIES, ALSO FOR SQUIDS.
THINK OF THOSE SPONGES THAT ARE TINY AND GROW WHEN YOU STICK THEM IN WATER. NO? DON'T HAVE THOSE ANYMORE?


NOW, CHANGE THE WORDS SPONGE AND WATER WITH SQUID AND RADION NEBULA.
AND HE'S STILL GROWING. WE NEED TO STOP IT.

COLEOIDEANS LOVE TO SUCK BRAINS, BUT THEY LOVE TO CONTROL THEM FIRST. NORMAL SIZE? IT MIGHT BE ABLE TO MANAGE THREE, FOUR PEOPLE.
THIS SIZE? THE WHOLE SPACE STATION IS A BREEZE.
SO, WHAT DO WE NEED TO DO THEN? BLOW IT UP? WE'RE NOT A MILITARY STATION!

THAT'S NICE, BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE GUNS. WE'LL NEED TO REVERSE THE RADION.
DOES YOUR MEDICAL BAY HAVE QUANTITIES OF THE BURN REDUCER STELLION XT? I COULD KNOCK SOMETHING UP WITH THAT AND SOME TOOTHPASTE.
THAT SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM, DOCTOR. I'LL HAVE QUINN ESCORT YOU TO THE MEDICAL BAY.


MEGA!
HMM. DO WE SAY MEGA NOW? REALLY?
I DON'T THINK WE DO. IGNORE THAT. INSERT A HAPPY PHRASE OF YOUR OWN INSTEAD.

WHILE I DO THIS, IT'S VERY IMPORTANT THAT YOU FIND MY TWO FRIENDS.
THEY'RE PROBABLY IN TROUBLE AND DOING SOMETHING THAT'LL PUSH THEM FURTHER INTO IT.
WILL DO, DOCTOR. I'LL JUST PROVIDE—

—NNNG— ARRGHHH! THE SPACE SQUID!

AH, THIS ISN'T GOOD.
SSSSSPACE SSSSSQUIDDD...

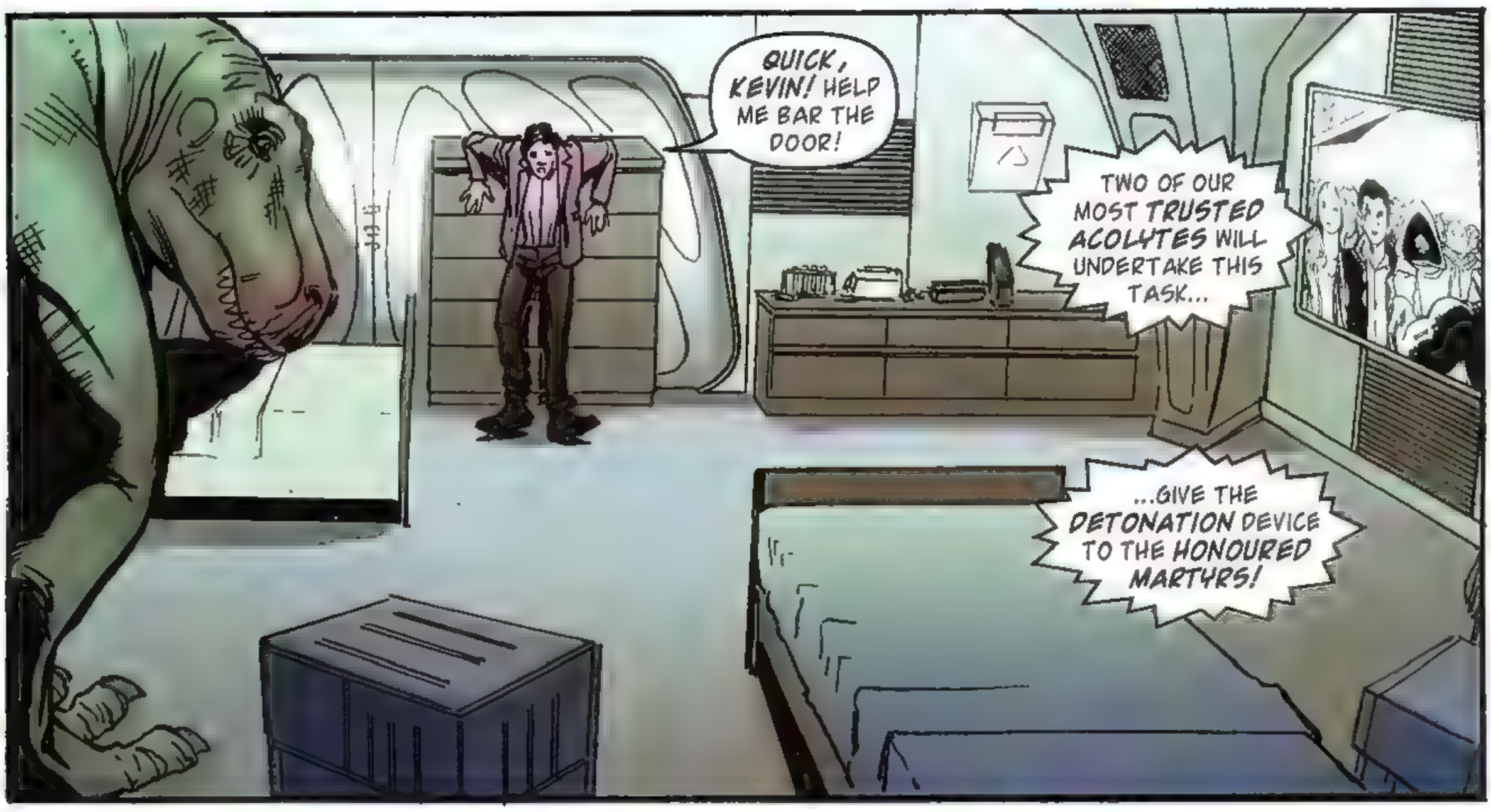
DOCTOR! THEY LET ME GO FREE, BUT NOW EVERYONE'S FALLING TO THE FLOOR AND CLUTCHING THEIR HEADS!
WHAT DO WE DO?
YES... I WAS HOPING THAT WOULDN'T HAPPEN RIGHT AWAY...

SERVE THE HOLY SPACE SQUID.
DIE FOR THE HOLY SPACE SQUID.

RUN, KEVIN!

THE HOLY SPACE SQUID HAS SPOKEN! HIS WISHES MUST BE MADE FLESH!
WE MUST DESTROY THIS BASE AND THIS NEBULA IN HIS NAME!

ONLY THEN WILL WE BE ABLE TO ASCEND TO THE SQUID HEAVEN!
SQUID...


QUICK, KEVIN! HELP ME BAR THE DOOR!
TWO OF OUR MOST TRUSTED ACOLYTES WILL UNDERTAKE THIS TASK...
...GIVE THE DETONATION DEVICE TO THE HONOURED MARTYRS!

TAKE THIS AS AN APOLOGY FOR NOT ALLOWING YOU TO DESTROY THE ROBOT.
I GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO RAISE YOU FAR HIGHER IN THE SPACE SQUID'S EYES!
YOU HONOUR US.

AMY! RORY! AMY! RORY!

WHAT? NO!
HOW COULD I BE SO STUPID?! THEY'RE ONLY HUMAN, OF COURSE THEY'D BE CONTROLLED!

THE SPACE SQUID IS GOING TO BLOW US UP? HOW DO WE STOP THIS?
WELL, ACTUALLY, IT RATHER LOOKS LIKE AMY AND RORY ARE GOING TO BLOW US UP. BETTER WORK OUT A PLAN.
DO YOU HAVE ONE? AH. PITY.
MICROPHONE! WE NEED A MICROPHONE!

ATTENTION, ALL SQUID-LOVING ZEALOTS!
THIS BASE ISN'T QUITE AS CONTROLLED AS YOU BELIEVED IT WAS!

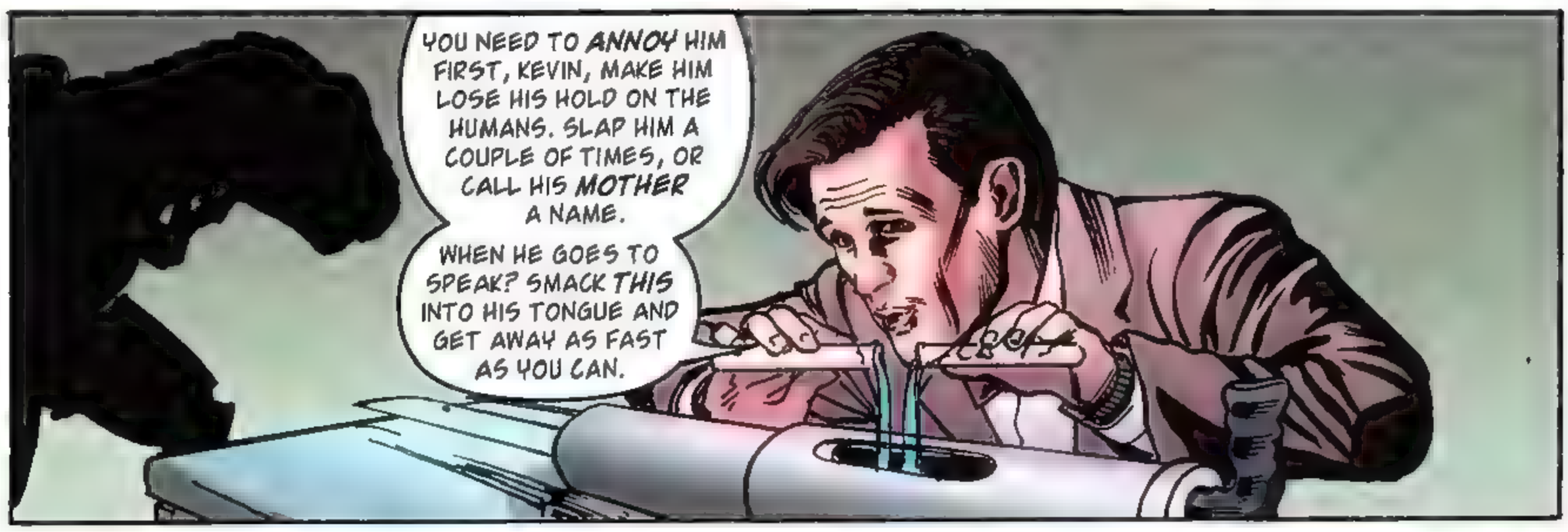
HOW CAN THIS BE? NOBODY IS LEFT UNSAVED! WHO IS THIS?
WELL, EVERY PLAN HAS ITS FLAWS, YOU KNOW! I MEAN, I'M HERE, AND KEVIN'S HERE... SAY HELLO, KEVIN.
HELLO.
AND I THINK WE NEED TO HAVE A CHAT BEFORE YOU GO ABOUT DESTROYING EVERYTHING.

YOU SEE, AS FOR WHO I AM? I'M THE ANTI-SQUID.
AND I WANT TO PARLAY THE GROUND RULES FOR ARMAGEDDON. ONE HOUR, THE CONTROL ROOM?
BRING ALL YOUR FRIENDS. OH, AND YOUR BOMB.

ANTI-SQUID?
ALL RELIGIONS HAVE A NEMESIS—THE ANTICHRIST, THE BEAST, SUKTEH THE DESTROYER, BEEP THE—
—WELL, MAYBE NOT THAT ONE. BUT THE POINT IS THEY ALWAYS HAVE ONE LAST CONFRONTATION BEFORE THE END.
AND WHAT SELF-RESPECTING HIGH PRIEST ISN'T GOING TO MAKE SURE THAT HAPPENS HERE, EH?
I'LL JUST HAVE TO LIVE UP TO THE HYPE!
RIGHT THEN, THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO KICK-START THE SHRINKAGE. WE JUST NEED TO GET TO THE WORKSHOP NOW.
WHY THE WORKSHOP?
BECAUSE WE NEED TO MAKE YOU AN EXOSKELETON.
READY? GOOD.
HI-YO, KEVIN! AWAY!

ARE YOU SURE THIS WILL WORK?
YOU'RE A ROBOT, KEVIN, BUT YOUR PROBLEM IS THAT YOU HAVE DINOSAUR ARMS. TINY.
AND NO JETPACK. JETPACKS ARE COOL. AND SURPRISINGLY NEEDED RIGHT NOW.

HERE, PUT IT ON, SEE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE.


YOU NEED TO ANNOY HIM FIRST, KEVIN, MAKE HIM LOSE HIS HOLD ON THE HUMANS. SLAP HIM A COUPLE OF TIMES, OR CALL HIS MOTHER A NAME.
WHEN HE GOES TO SPEAK? SMACK THIS INTO HIS TONGUE AND GET AWAY AS FAST AS YOU CAN.

SO, ARE WE READY FOR THIS? SHOES SHINED AND RARING TO—
—OH, KEVIN. YOU LOOK SO COOL.

I FEEL SO COOL, DOCTOR.

TELL US ABOUT THE ANTI-SQUID, RORY. IS HE A BRAVE MAN? A CLEVER ONE?
WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM YOURSELF...

...AS HE'S STANDING RIGHT HERE.

SO, HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN CONTROLLED BY THE COLEOIDEAN?
YOU DON'T HAVE THE EYES-ROLLED-BACK LOOK OF THE OTHERS, SO I'M GUESSING FOR QUITE A WHILE.
HERETIC! I AM NOT CONTROLLED BY IT! I WORSHIP IT!

OF COURSE YOU DO. EVERY DAY SINCE IT TOLD YOU TO.
AH, RORY POND. I EXPECTED MORE OF YOU. SICK OF BEING A FREE MAN, ARE YOU?

AND YOU, AMELIA JESSICA POND. YOU WHO BROKE THE DREAM LORD'S GAME...
...BEATEN BY A NOT-QUITE-FRIED CALAMARI. I SHOULD TAKE YOU BACK TO LEADWORTH. IN SHAME.

NNUHH... DIED... TURNED INTO A ROMAN... VERY DISTRACTING...
FISH FINGERS... CUSTARD... RAGGEDY DOCTOR...

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?! THEIR MINDS ARE CONTROLLED!
JUST BECAUSE YOU CONTROL A MIND, DOESN'T MEAN YOU OWN IT.
THE HOST WILL ALWAYS REASSERT.

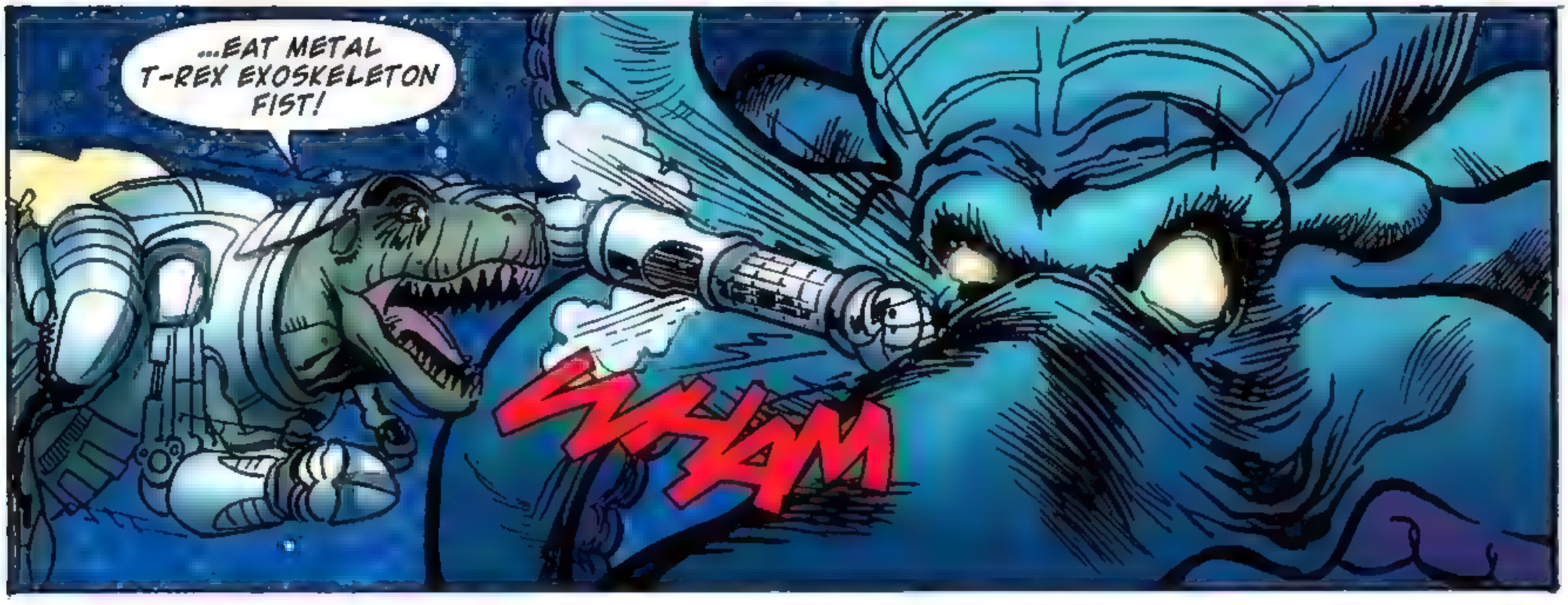
YOU THINK YOU CAN CONFUSE HIM? HALT HIM?
DELAY THE USE OF THE BOMB? I'LL DO IT MYSELF—
UH-UH, HIGH PRIEST. I DON'T THINK SO.

AMY! RORY! YOU'RE BACK! JUST IN TIME FOR THE CABARET!
WHAT HAPPENED?
AND WHAT AM I HOLDING?
IT'S A BOMB, ISN'T IT? I'M HOLDING A BOMB.

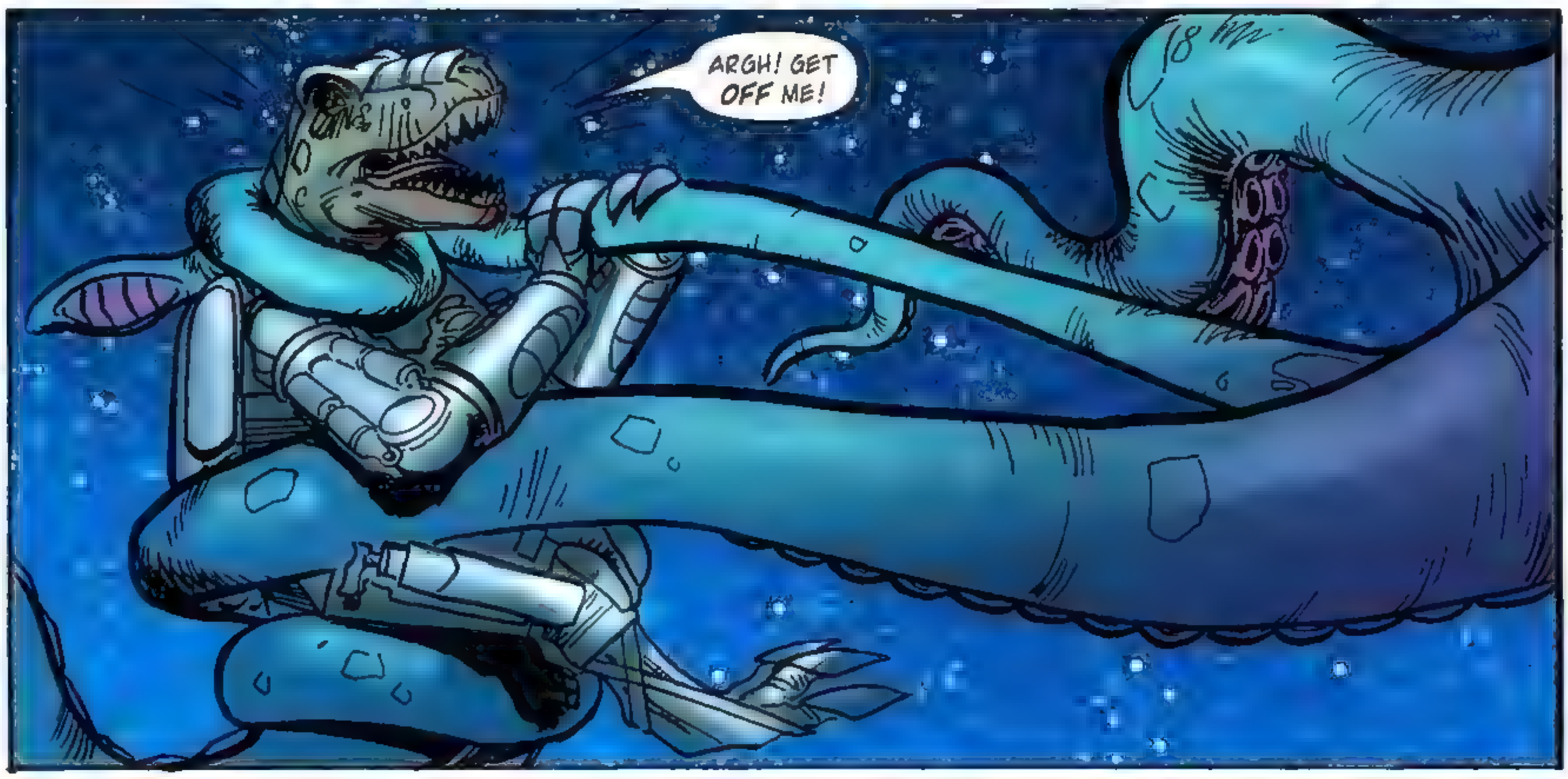
THREE OF YOU AGAINST A SPACE STATION? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!
IT'S FOUR, ACTUALLY. DON'T YOU REMEMBER KEVIN? I MADE HIM SAY HELLO AND EVERYTHING!

YOUR BOSS OUT THERE NEEDS TO CONCENTRATE ON ALL OF YOU TO KEEP YOU CONTROLLED.
THE FACT THAT AMY AND RORY ARE FREE SHOWS THAT HE'S OVERSTRETCHED HIS RESOURCES. HE CAN'T HAVE ANY DISTRACTIONS.

"CAN YOU GUESS WHAT KEVIN'S ABOUT TO DO?"
DAAN DAN DUHN DUHN DAH-DAH DUHN...
HEY, SQUIDDY...

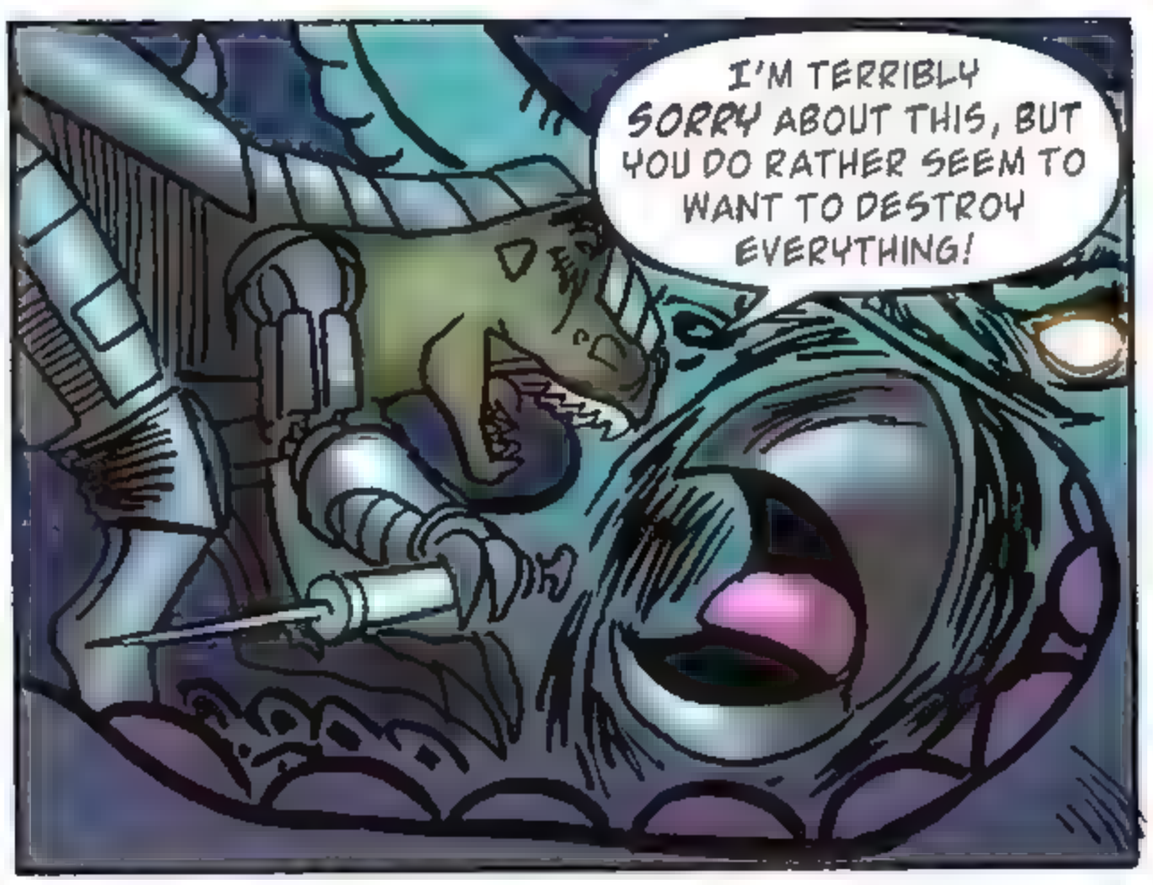

...EAT METAL T-REX EXOSKELETON FIST!
SKLAM

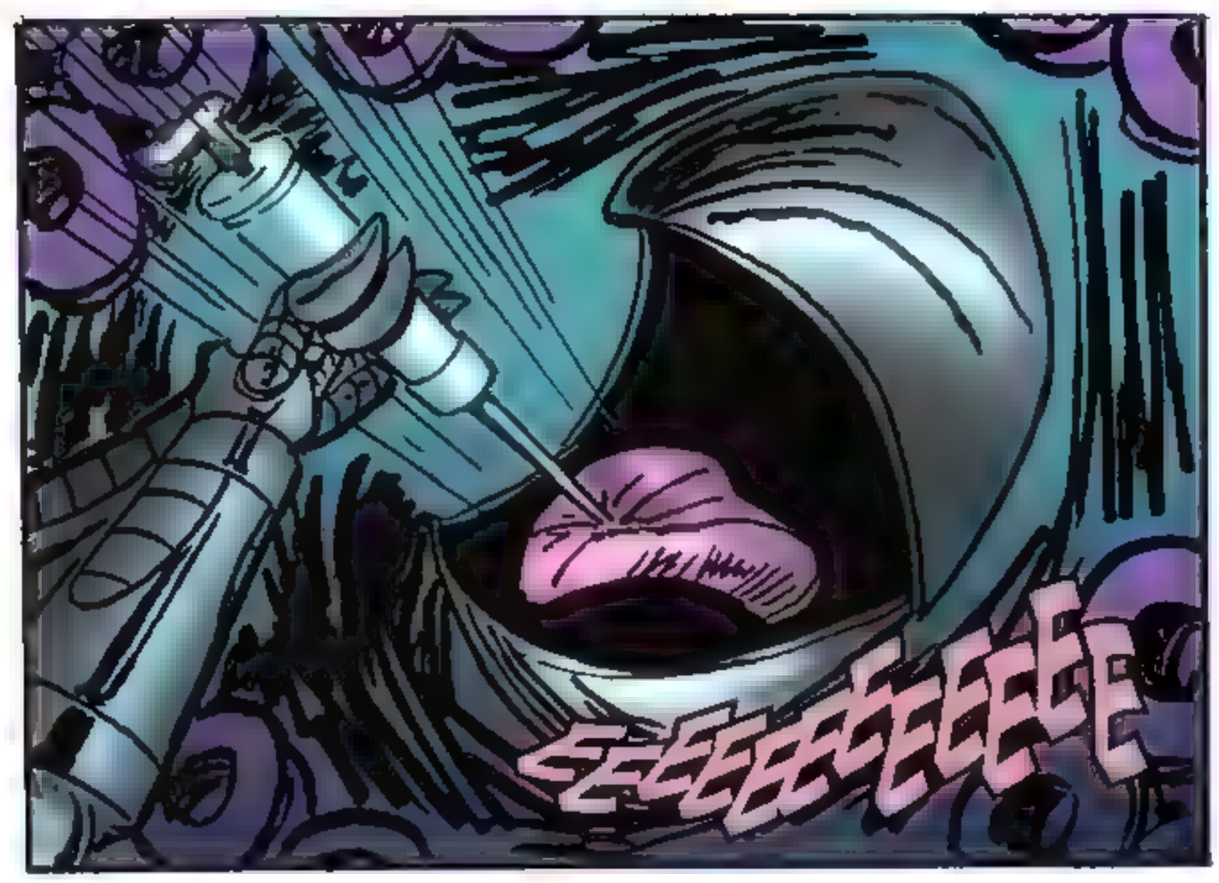
DID HE JUST SAY WHAT I THINK HE SAID? AND DID I HEAR SINGING?
EARLY DAYS. HE'S IMPROVISING. YOU KNOW WHAT ACTORS CAN BE LIKE.


ARGH! GET OFF ME!

AAIIEEEEEEE
FOOOSHHHH

NOW, KEVIN! WHILE IT SCREAMS!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?! MY HEAD!

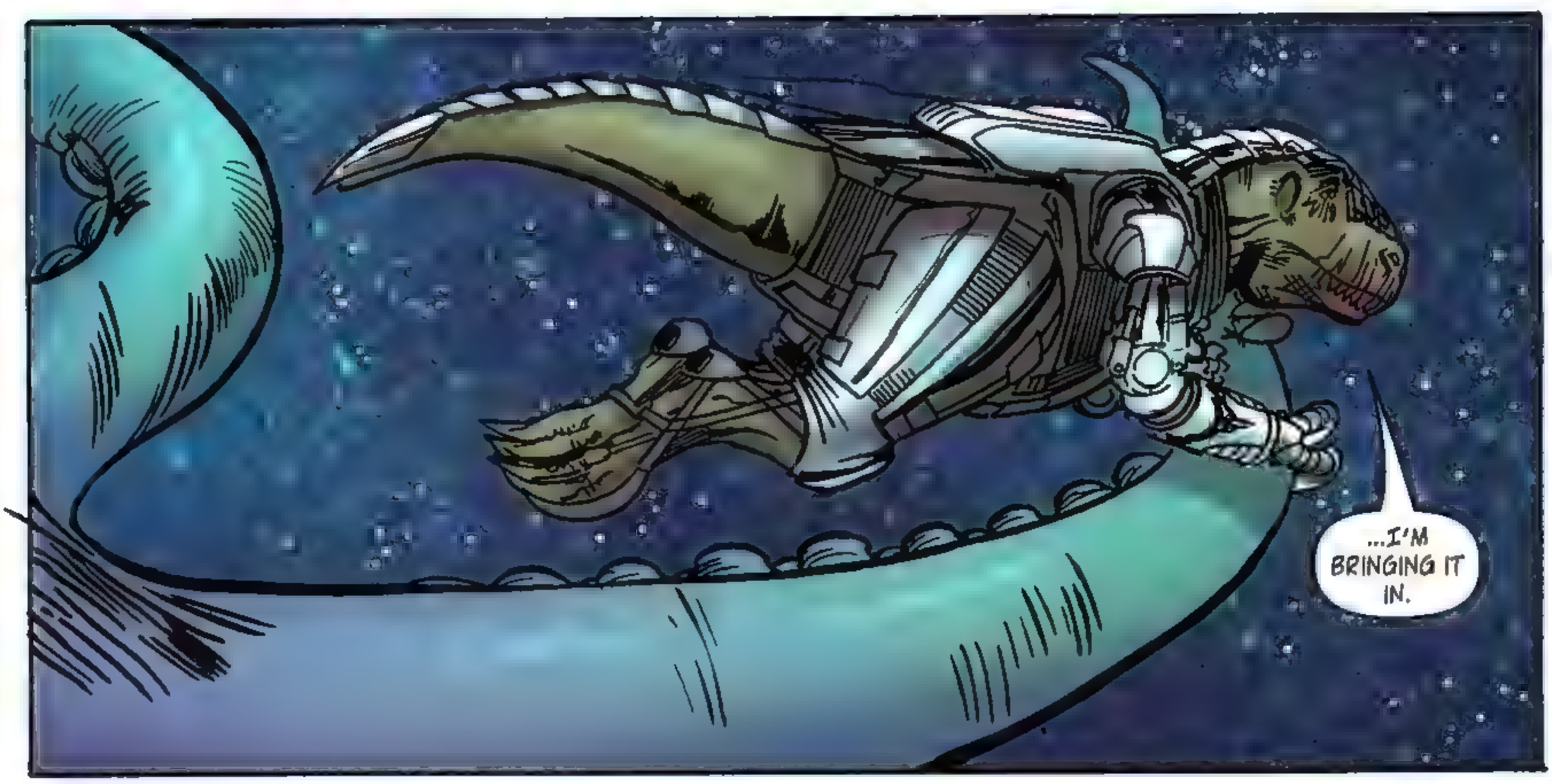

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY ABOUT THIS, BUT YOU DO RATHER SEEM TO WANT TO DESTROY EVERYTHING!


EEEEEEEEEEEEE

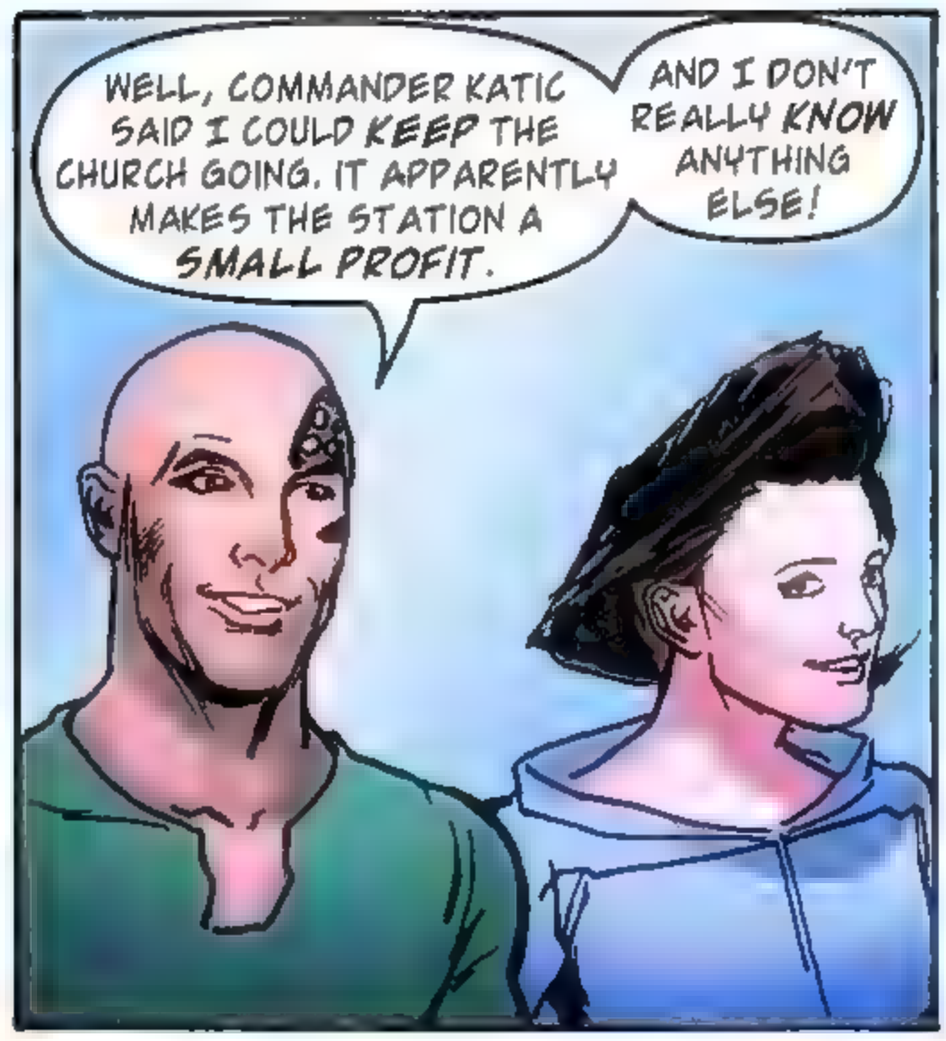
COVER YOUR EARS—

KRA-K

IT'S DONE, DOCTOR. THE SQUID... IT'S UNCONSCIOUS...


...I'M BRINGING IT IN.

LATER.
FIFTEEN YEARS IT CONTROLLED ME. THANK YOU FOR FREEING ME FROM ITS GRASP!
WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW?


WELL, COMMANDER KATIC SAID I COULD KEEP THE CHURCH GOING. IT APPARENTLY MAKES THE STATION A SMALL PROFIT.
AND I DON'T REALLY KNOW ANYTHING ELSE!

IT'S A TOURIST THING. HEAD OFFICE LIKES THE IDEA OF THIS BEING THE LAST SIGHTING OF THE HOLY SPACE SQUID AND ALL THAT.
PEOPLE WILL FLOCK TO VISIT IT WHILE THE REAL THING IS SHIPPED FAR AWAY.

OH, I THINK OUR NEW SECURITY OFFICER CAN KEEP THEM UNDER CONTROL.
WILL YOU BE ABLE TO KEEP THE ACOLYTES UNDER CONTROL? I MEAN, THEY'RE A ROWDY LOT—

UM. YES. HELLO, DOCTOR.
IF IT'S OKAY WITH YOU, I THINK I'M GOING TO STAY. I'VE FOUND A PURPOSE HERE.

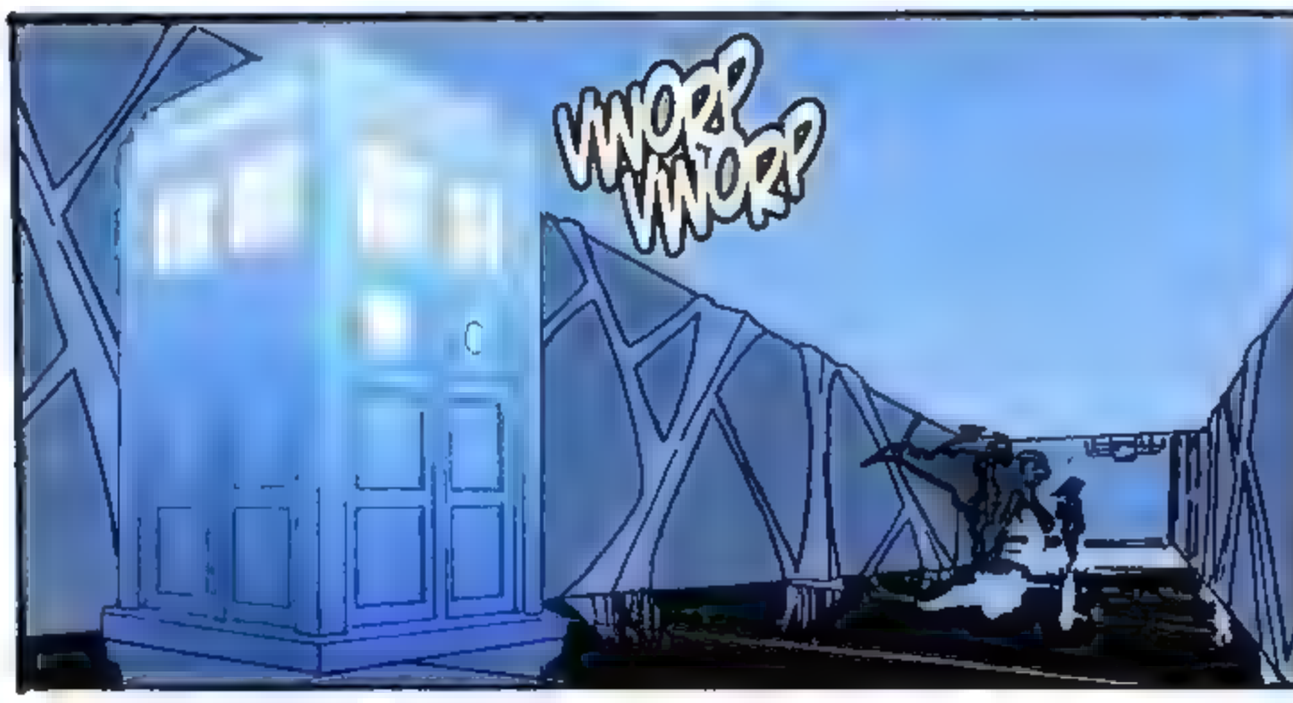
OF COURSE IT'S OKAY! THE WHOLE *POINT* OF TRAVELLING IS TO FIND A PLACE YOU WANT TO CALL *HOME*!

GOOD LUCK, KEVIN. WE'LL COME AND VISIT.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR *ADVICE*, RORY. MAKE SURE *YOU* KEEP TAKING IT, TOO.

SO, WE TRAVEL UNTIL WE FIND A *HOME*, EH, DOCTOR?

SO, WHERE'S *YOURS*?



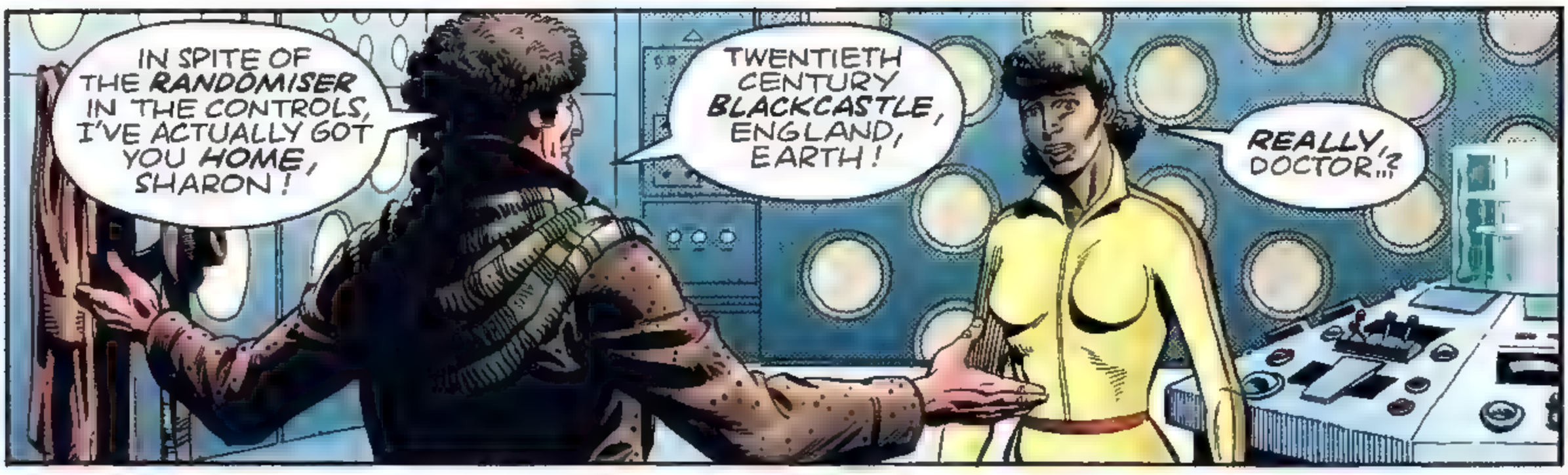
ns, artist • Charlie Kirchoff, colorist

THE COLLECTOR

BY JOVE! I DO BELIEVE I'VE GOT IT!

BLACKCASTLE ROA

WRITER: STEVE MOORE / ARTIST: DAVE GIBBONS / EDITOR: PAUL NEARY

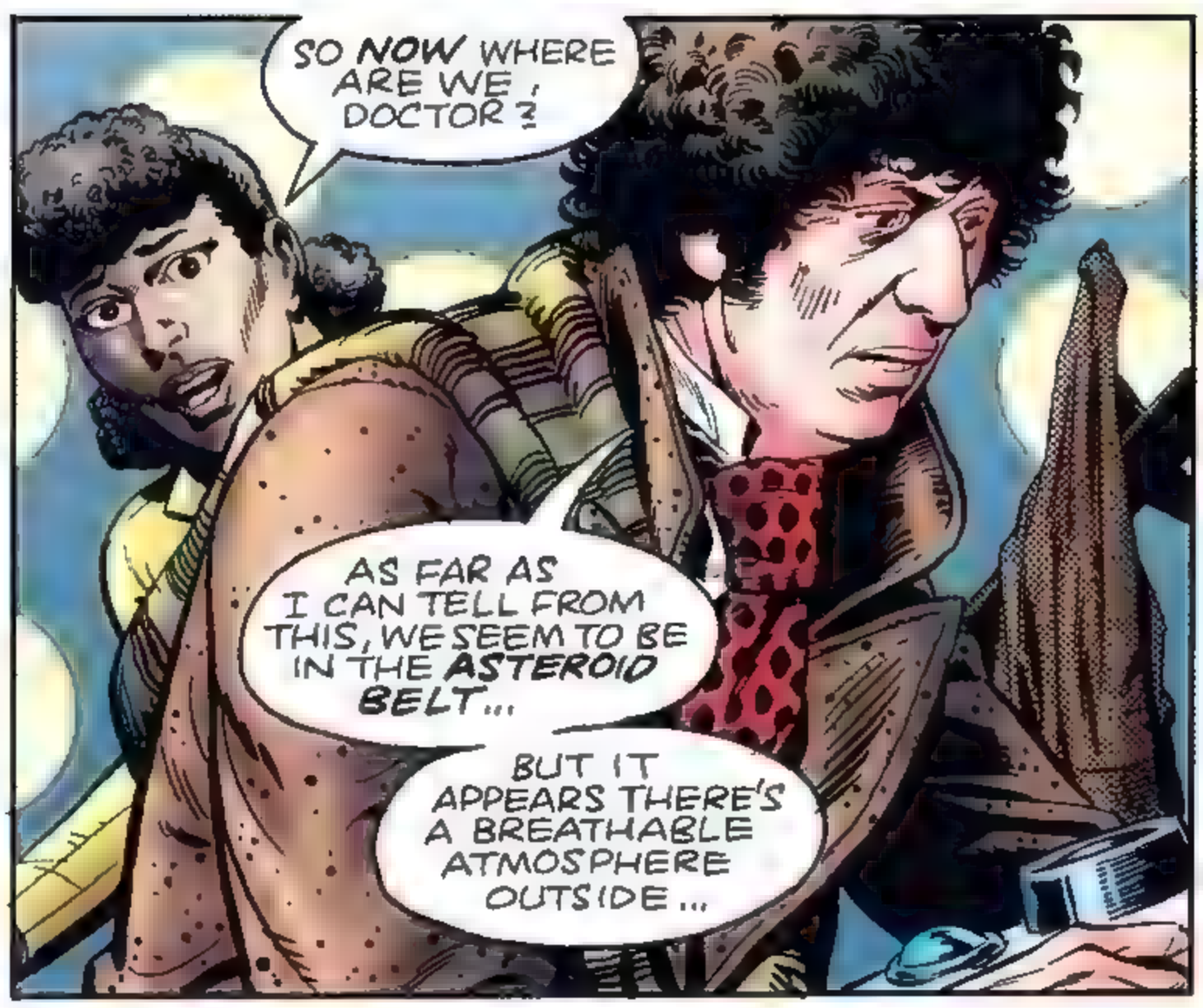

IN SPITE OF THE RANDOMISER IN THE CONTROLS, I'VE ACTUALLY GOT YOU HOME, SHARON!
TWENTIETH CENTURY BLACKCASTLE, ENGLAND, EARTH!
REALLY,? DOCTOR...?

ONLY TROUBLE IS, I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO GO HOME NOW...NOT NOW I'VE GROWN UP!
OH, OF COURSE YOU DO! 'NO PLACE LIKE HOME'!
WHY, I EVEN LIKE GALLIFREY ...SOMETIMES...

BUT, JUST AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO STEP OUTSIDE...
BLIMEY, DOCTOR... LOOK OUT!
WHAT'S THAT?

I'D GUESS WE'VE BEEN PICKED UP BY A TELEPORT-BEAM ...AND IT'S TAKEN THE WHOLE TARDIS WITH IT...
SEEMS HARD TO BELIEVE, I KNOW, BUT...

AND THEN THE TARDIS MAKES ITS SECOND MATERIALISATION IN A MATTER OF MINUTES...
I THINK SOMEONE WANTS TO HAVE A WORD WITH US...


SO NOW WHERE ARE WE, DOCTOR?
AS FAR AS I CAN TELL FROM THIS, WE SEEM TO BE IN THE ASTEROID BELT...
BUT IT APPEARS THERE'S A BREATHABLE ATMOSPHERE OUTSIDE...

BUT WHEN THEY EMERGE...
HMM...A COMPLETELY EMPTY ROOM! NO SIGN OF A TELEPORT-MACHINE IN HERE...BUT IT CAN'T BE FAR AWAY!
THESE DOORS ARE LOCKED, DOCTOR!

WELL, WE WON'T LET THAT STOP US HAVING A LOOK ROUND...

STAND BACK, SHARON! K-9 CAN ALWAYS USE SOME MORE PRACTISE IN OPENING DOORS!

WOMPF

AND THERE IS STILL NO SIGN OF A RECEPTION COMMITTEE AS THEY STEP OUT INTO A CORRIDOR...

NO POINT TRYING TO BREAK A WINDOW AND RUN AWAY...

THEY MUST BE ARMOUR-PLATED GLASS TO KEEP THE ATMOSPHERE IN...

AND BESIDES, THERE DOESN'T REALLY SEEM TO BE ANY-WHERE TO GO...

WHAT ABOUT THESE FUNNY LOOKING DOOR-WAYS, THEN?

AH! A PLASMATIC FORCE-FIELD! MEANT TO STOP ANYONE GOING THROUGH ... OR SEEING THROUGH!

STILL, I EXPECT MY OLD SONIC SCREW-DRIVER'LL SCRAMBLE THE MECHANISM QUITE NICELY...

AND AS THE PLASMA-FIELD PARTS...

I MUST BE SEEING THINGS! IT'S LIKE STEPPING INTO ANOTHER WORLD!

AND STEPPING INTO SOMEONE ELSE'S CLOTHING, TOO! ROMAN, ISN'T IT?

THIS IS ALL VERY ODD!

BUT THEN THE NEW-COMERS ARE NOTICED...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE?

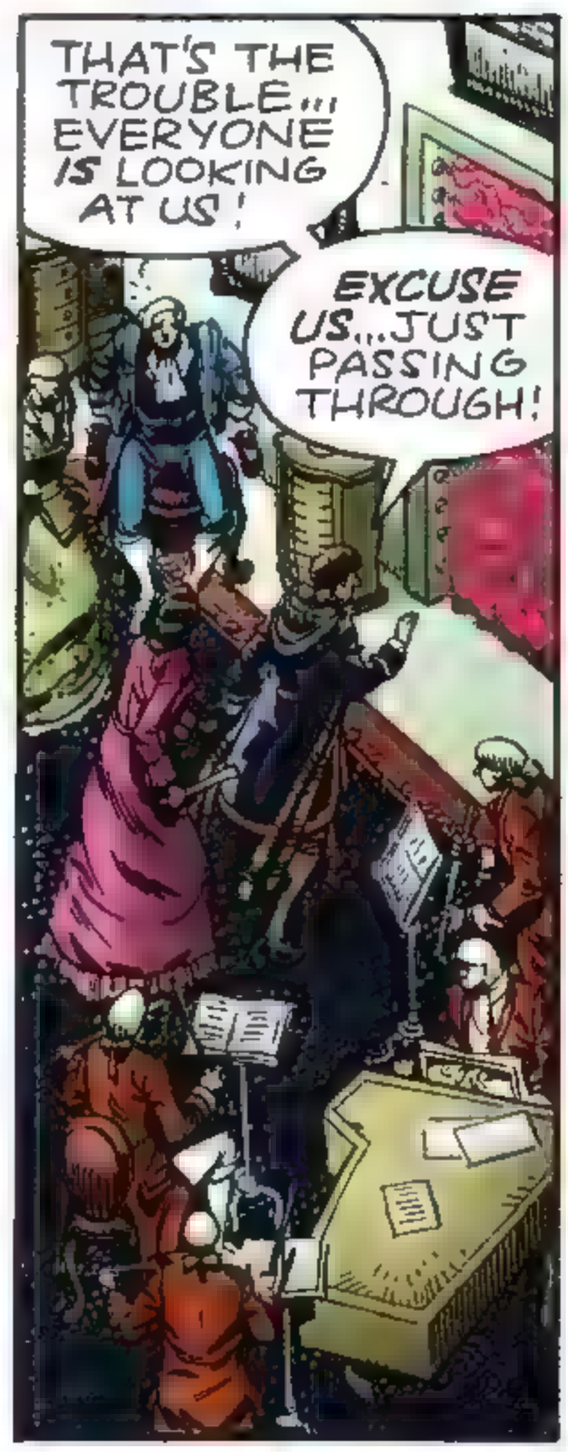
OH, UM... JUST DROPPED IN FOR A FRIENDLY CHAT!

LUCIUS! THROW THEM OUT!

BUT MAYBE WE CAN TALK ANOTHER DAY...!
YOU CALLED, SIR...?

ER... BYE!
AND THAT'S ANOTHER ODD THING! WE'VE BOTH BEEN TALKING FLUENT LATIN FOR THE LAST COUPLE OF MINUTES...I ONLY JUST REALISED...

IT'S AS IF WE'D STEPPED INTO A FROZEN MOMENT OF TIME...WHERE EVERYTHING'S EXACTLY AS IT WAS THEN...
BLIMEY! LOOK AT US NOW!


THAT'S THE TROUBLE... EVERYONE IS LOOKING AT US!
EXCUSE US...JUST PASSING THROUGH!

AND AT LAST...
PHEW! BACK IN THE CORRIDOR AGAIN! HELLO, K-9!
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE UP TO?
I BROUGHT YOU HERE FOR MY TWENTIETH CENTURY ROOM... NOT TO CREATE HAVOC IN THE THIRD AND EIGHTEENTH!

AND WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE UP TO? KIDNAPPING PEOPLE BY TELEPORT-BEAM AND KEEPING THEM IN TIME-STASIS CAPSULES?
HMM...THIS IS STRANGE! I DIDN'T THINK YOU EARTH-PEOPLE HAD SUCH ADVANCED KNOWLEDGE
NONE OF MY OTHER SPECIMENS DO!

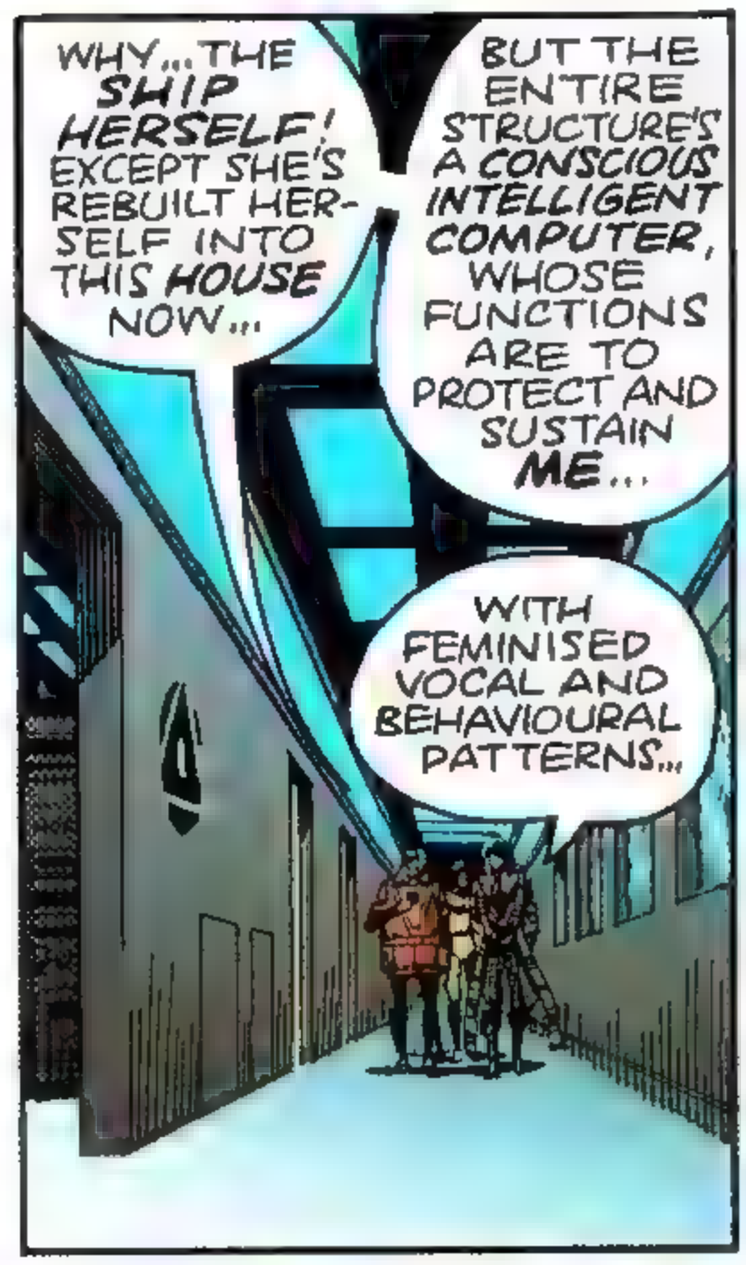
PROBABLY BECAUSE NONE OF YOUR OTHER 'SPECIMENS' ARE TIME-LORDS FROM GALLIFREY!
ACCORDING TO THIS SCANNER, YOU'VE GOT TWO HEART-BEATS!
OH DEAR! I KNEW SHE'D MAKE A MISTAKE SOONER OR LATER!

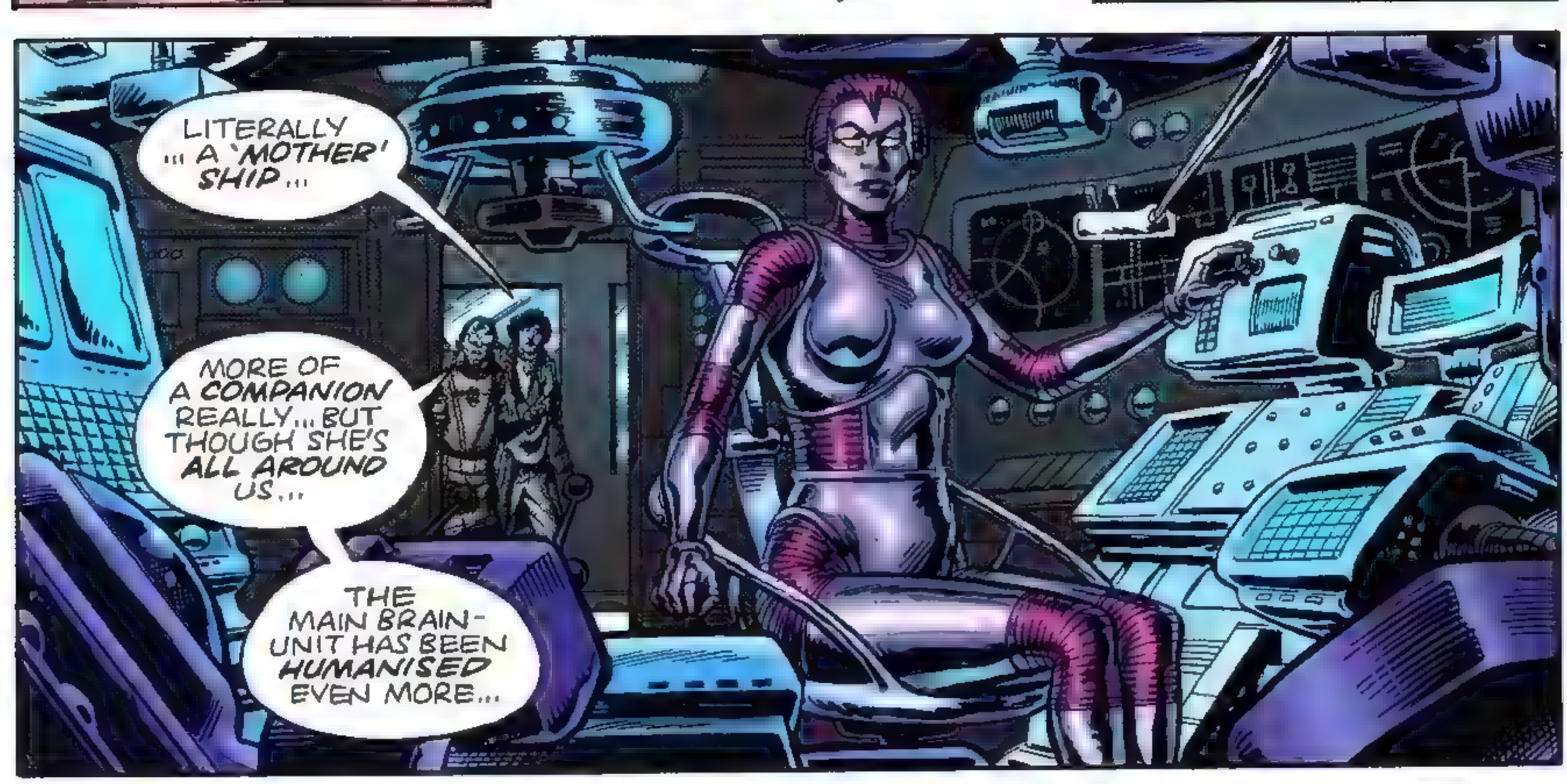
FUNNY THAT...I DIDN'T THINK EARTH HAD MANY OFF-PLANET VISITORS!
WELL, I'LL GET HER TO SEND YOU BACK! SORRY YOU'VE BEEN TROUBLED!
JUST LIKE THAT? I THINK WE DESERVE AN EXPLANATION, AT LEAST!

YES, I SUPPOSE YOU DO! I'M VARAN TAK, FROM THE ANTHROPOLOGY UNIT ON OSKERION...
I WAS GOING TO EARTH TO STUDY THE DEVELOPING CIVILISATION THERE... WHEN WAS IT? ABOUT TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO...! WE WERE THIS CLOSE WHEN A ROGUE ASTEROID KNOCKED OUT THE DRIVE-UNIT... AND MOST OF THE COMMUNICATIONS, TOO...
"PROBABLY STILL BE ANOTHER HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE OUR DISTRESS CALL'S PICKED UP! I'LL BE MIDDLE-AGED BY THEN!"

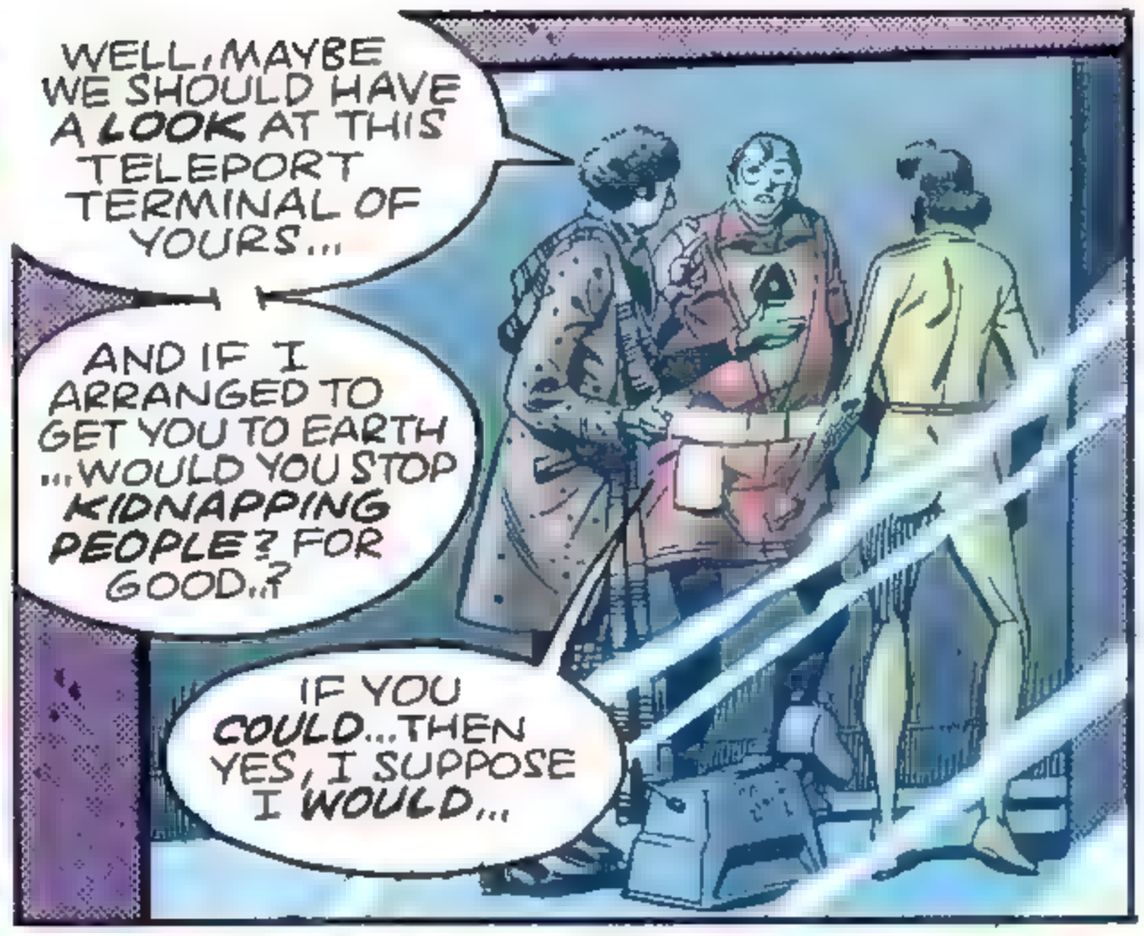
SHE MANAGED TO PUT US DOWN HERE... AND SHE'S BUILT ALL THIS TO KEEP ME ALIVE AND COMFORTABLE...
ALONG WITH THE SHORT-RANGE TELEPORT TERMINAL... USEFUL THAT...

THAT'S HOW I PICK UP SPECIMENS FOR MY ANTHROPOLOGICAL COLLECTION... OH, MAYBE IT'S WRONG TO KIDNAP THEM... BUT STUDY KEEPS ME SANE...
PERHAPS! BUT WHO'S THIS 'SHE'?


WHY... THE SHIP HERSELF! EXCEPT SHE'S REBUILT HERSELF INTO THIS HOUSE NOW...
BUT THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE'S A CONSCIOUS INTELLIGENT COMPUTER, WHOSE FUNCTIONS ARE TO PROTECT AND SUSTAIN ME...
WITH FEMINISED VOCAL AND BEHAVIOURAL PATTERNS...


LITERALLY... A 'MOTHER' SHIP...
MORE OF A COMPANION REALLY... BUT THOUGH SHE'S ALL AROUND US...
THE MAIN BRAIN-UNIT HAS BEEN HUMANISED EVEN MORE...

BUT WHY DON'T YOU JUST TELEPORT TO EARTH YOURSELF?
HOW I WISH I COULD! SHE'LL AGREE TO SEND YOU BACK...
BUT FOR SOME REASON SHE REFUSES TO LET ME LEAVE!


WELL, MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE A LOOK AT THIS TELEPORT TERMINAL OF YOURS...
AND IF I ARRANGED TO GET YOU TO EARTH ...WOULD YOU STOP KIDNAPPING PEOPLE? FOR GOOD..?
IF YOU COULD...THEN YES, I SUPPOSE I WOULD...

BUT...
SEE! I CAN'T GET NEAR IT... THAT COMES ON AUTOMATICALLY EVERY TIME I APPROACH!
HMM...NASTY LITTLE ELECTRIC ARC PROJECTOR UP THERE...BIT TOO COMPLICATED FOR THE SONIC SCREW-DRIVER...
THIS IS A JOB FOR YOU, K-9 ...PINPOINT BLASTING!

ZZZK
ALRIGHT, VARAN TAK, THAT SHOULD HAVE CLEARED UP THE PROBLEM...SO THAT'S OUR SIDE OF THE BAR-GAIN!
MAKE SURE YOU KEEP YOURS!

I WILL ...AND I'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL!
WELL, THAT SEEMS TO WRAP THAT UP, SHARON!
WASN'T SUCH A BAD SORT, AFTER ALL...

SO LET'S GET BACK TO THE TARDIS BEFORE ...OOPS!
WHAT... HAVE YOU DONE?

K-9... SWITCH TO ELECTRONIC SCRAMBLE...
OH, NO!
ZZZK!
K-9!

POOR OLD K-9! WHAT WILL I DO WITHOUT YOU?
DOCTOR ... THE ROBOT...
FOOLS! ALL OF YOU ...AND VARAN TAK MOST OF ALL!

BUT AS THE TELEPORT GLOWS INTO REVERSE...
TOO LATE! I TRIED TO PROTECT YOU, VARAN TAK... FOR YOU WERE FULL OF NATURAL LIFE...
DEAD? OH DEAR... THAT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN...
AND NOW YOU ARE... SO DEAD...

POISONED...HE HAD NO RESISTANCE TO THE INDUSTRIAL POLLUTION... IN YOUR EARTH'S AIR...
THAT'S WHY... IN RECENT CENTURIES...I I WOULD NOT LET HIM GO!
SHE SEEMS QUITE UPSET, DOCTOR...FOR A ROBOT...

AND WHY NOT? I HAVE... CHERISHED HIM FOR TWENTY CENTURIES... AND NOW...
EVEN A ROBOT CAN FEEL... LONELY...

BUT THEN...
THE INSTRUMENT READINGS WHEN WE LANDED WERE ODD... PERHAPS THERE'S A WAY OUT OF THIS...
BUT IT WOULD MEAN NO MORE TELEPORT-KIDNAPPINGS TO KEEP VARAN TAK HAPPY..!
I DO NOT...UNDERSTAND... BUT IF YOU CAN RESTORE HIM TO LIFE!

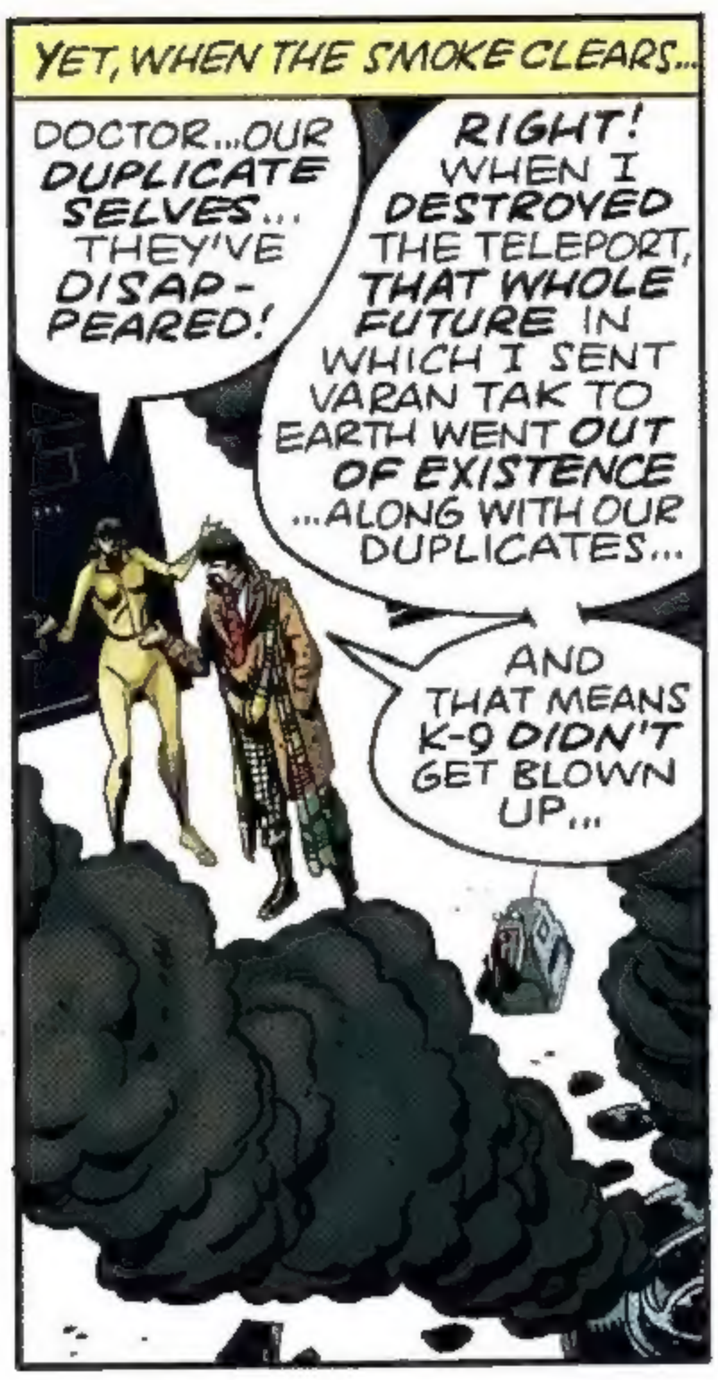
ANOTHER MINUTE FINDS THE THREE WHO REMAIN INSIDE THE TARDIS...
I'M HOPING THE RANDOMISER WON'T COME INTO PLAY... AS WE'RE NOT ACTUALLY GOING ANYWHERE...
BUT I THINK WE CAN UTILISE THE TIME-STASIS FIELDS AROUND US TO DO SOMETHING RATHER CLEVER...

AND WHEN THE TARDIS'S MIGHTY ENGINES AGAIN FADE INTO SILENCE...
WE ARE... STILL IN THE SAME PLACE! HOW CAN THIS HELP?
SAME PLACE... DIFFERENT TIME...I THINK! COME ON...
AND HOPE I'VE GOT THIS RIGHT!

RIGHT INDEED, FOR THEY HAVE HOPPED BACK MERE MINUTES, TO...
HMM... NASTY LITTLE ELECTRIC ARC PROJECTOR UP THERE...BIT TOO COMPLICATED FOR...
ONLY ONE WAY QUICK ENOUGH TO STOP THIS...I'M GOING TO HAVE TO...

SOCK MYSELF ON THE JAW!
WOK!
OOF!

NOW, K-9...BLAST THE TELEPORT DEVICE! COMPLETE DESTRUCTION!
NO!
AND THE ROOM REELS WITH A BLINDING, EXPLOSIVE FLASH...
BA-WOOMPF!


YET, WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS...
DOCTOR...OUR DUPLICATE SELVES... THEY'VE DISAP-PEARED!
RIGHT! WHEN I DESTROYED THE TELEPORT, THAT WHOLE FUTURE IN WHICH I SENT VARAN TAK TO EARTH WENT OUT OF EXISTENCE ...ALONG WITH OUR DUPLICATES...
AND THAT MEANS K-9 DIDN'T GET BLOWN UP...

AND VARAN TAK'S STILL ALIVE, TOO!
STILL ALIVE? DID SOMETHING HAPPEN TO ME?

WELL, I'M SURE SHE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO TELL YOU WHILE YOU'RE WAITING TO BE PICKED UP! AFTER ALL, SHE SAW IT HAPPEN...
AND NOW I THINK WE'LL GET BACK TO THE TARDIS ...BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE HAPPENS TO US!
THE END.

GERONIMO? MAKE IT SO!

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